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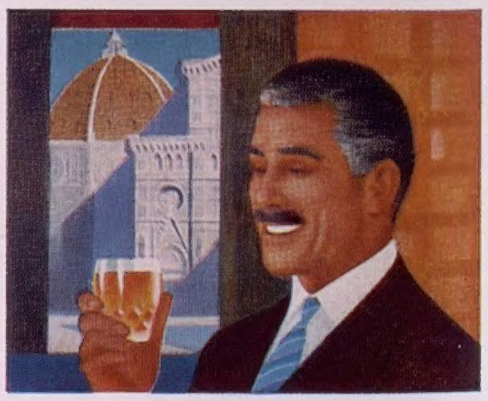

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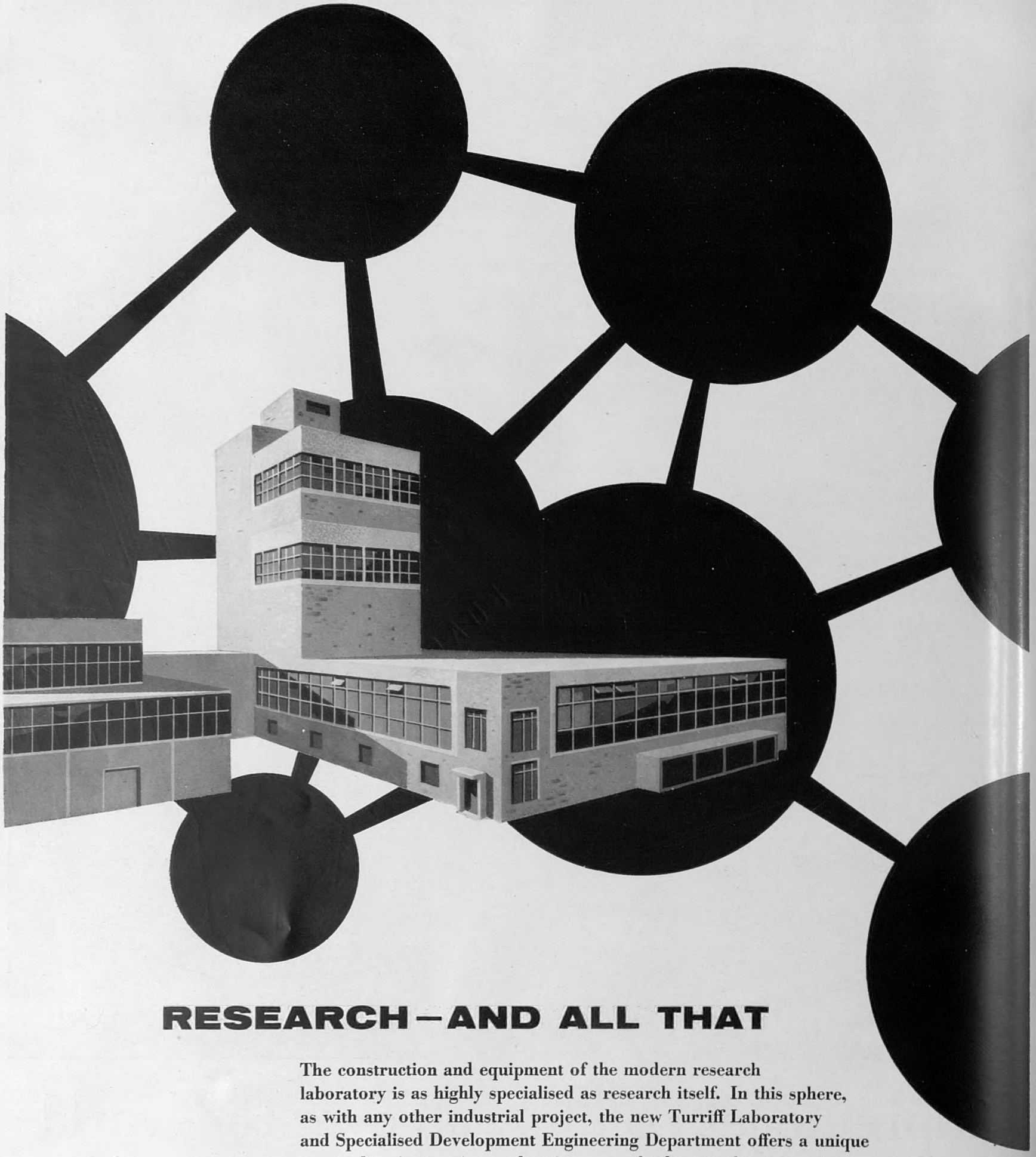

RESEARCH—AND ALL THAT

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Volume CCXXXVI No. 3071

The SPHERE, London, February 7, 1959

The SPHERE

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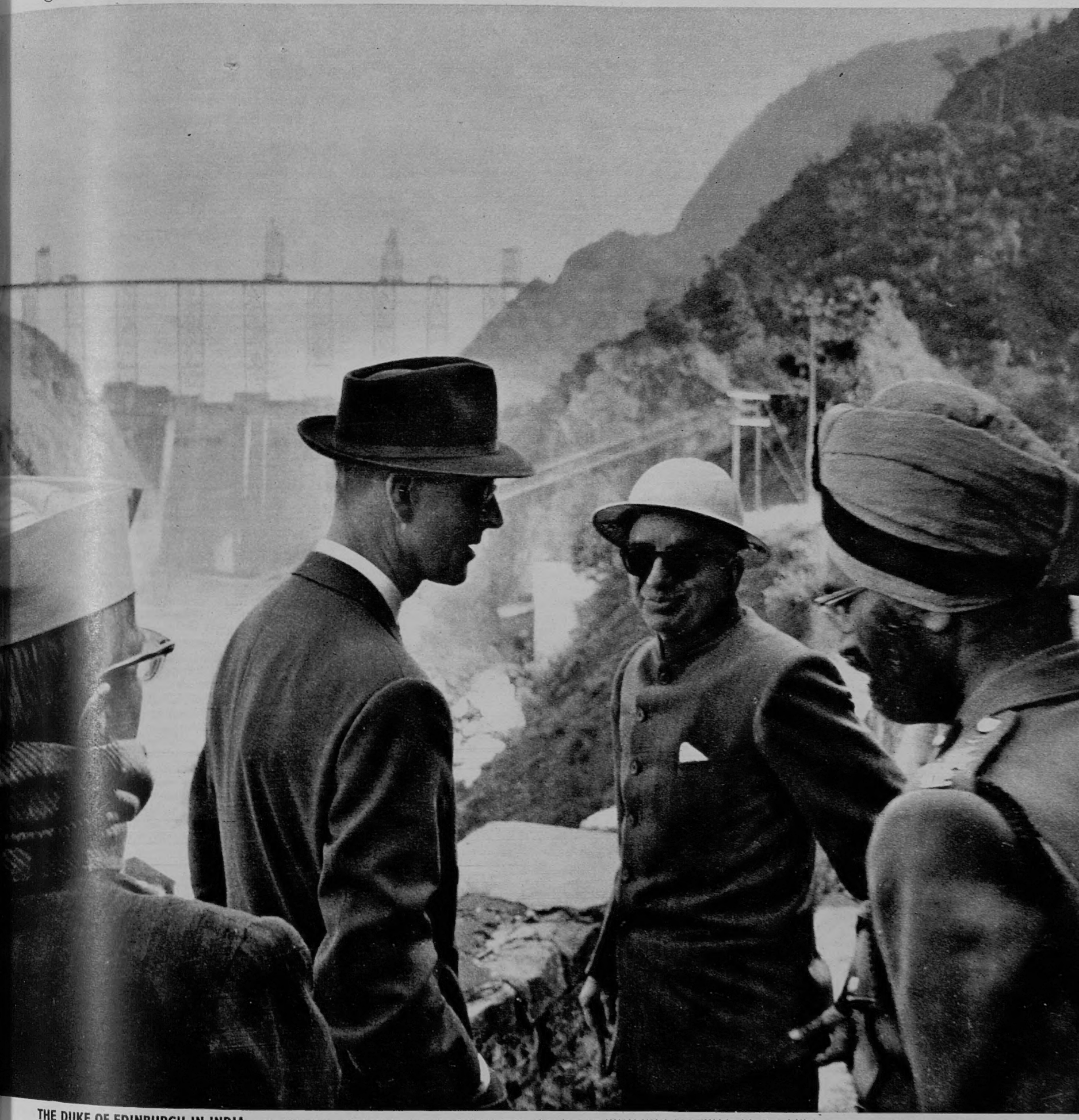
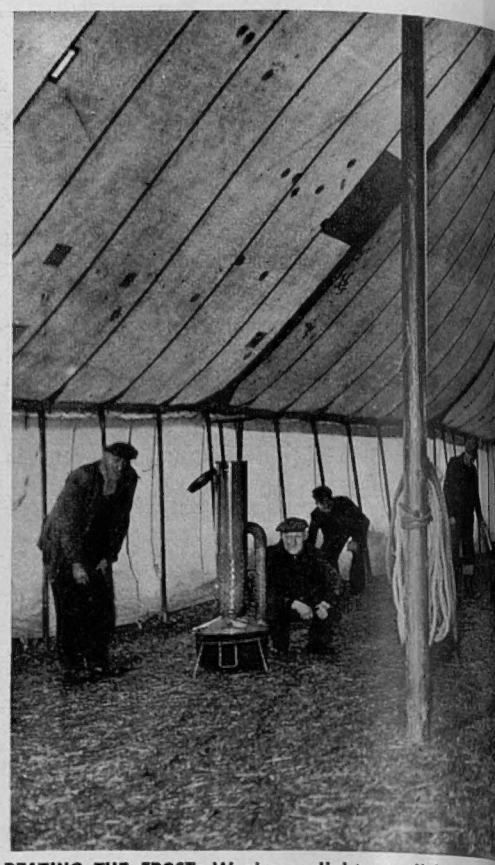


THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN INDIA—AN INFORMAL DISCUSSION AT THE BHAKRA DAM SITE IN THE HIMALAYAN FOOTHILLS: His Royal Highness is seen during his visit to the site of the vast power and irrigation project in the Punjab. Earlier, he had visited Nangal, where a dam for the same scheme is also under construction. The project is one of the biggest in India's present five-year plan. From Bhakra the Duke then drove his own car to Chandigarh, the new capital of the State.

The Duke of Edinburgh is now on the second stage of his world tour. He spent two weeks in India and throughout his stay vast crowds cheered his progress from city to city. Among his lengthy list of engagements were several visits to industrial centres and to sites of industrial projects. In the Punjab he spent several hours touring the site of the vast Bhakra dam, which is to rise to a height of 740 ft. The dam forms part of India's power and irrigation project for the area which is scheduled for completion next year. Previously, he had seen work on another dam at Nangal. Later, he had arranged to call at Durgapur, 110 miles north-west of Calcutta, to see the steel plant which is being built by British firms for the Indian Government. The Duke also visited other steel works and factories, as well as the atomic energy establishment outside Bombay and the Government dairy colony at Aarey, also near Bombay. In addition, there were visits to India's historic centres and monuments, as well as appearances at conferences and meetings. In Delhi, where his tour started, he attended the parade to mark the ninth anniversary of India's Independence. His Royal Highness was due to leave India and to travel by Comet airliner to Dacca, in East Pakistan, last Wednesday. (Further pictures of the Royal visit to India are on pages 202-203.)

Postage—Inland, 4d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 4½d.

PREPARING THE PITCH AT MURRAYFIELD: Much of the famous Rugby football ground in Edinburgh is covered with four big marquees. Inside are oil heaters warming the turf to ensure that it could be played on, despite the frost, in time for the Scotland versus Wales International match to-day (February 7).



BEATING THE FROST: Workmen light an oil heater in a ... that about seventy of these heaters were used ... was done, straw was laid over the pitch. When ... were 9 ins. of frost in the turf. The Scottish ...

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2

A Cosy Seat—Lord Hailsham's intervention in the dispute among Conservative Association members at Bournemouth East resulted in an "unprecedented" solution—a postal vote will be taken among the members of that Association which by no means connotes the Tory vote in the constituency which is a very comfortable majority. The voting paper will be simplified: "Will you support Mr. Nicolson at the next election?" He is the sitting Member, though at present rejected by his Association's majority on account of the attitude he took up and expressed over the Suez adventure. Lord Hailsham made some *obiter dicta* which suggested where *his* sympathies lie. He quoted Burke: "A Member is a representative, not a delegate." (I am reminded of a letter which Samuel Romilly wrote to Creevey, refusing the Prince's offer of a "free" seat in the Whig interest in 1805. He would only enter the House if he could be "quite independent and answerable for my conduct to God and to my country alone.") Mr. Nicolson is the sitting Member in receipt of the Tory Whip and every supporter of him should join the Association in order to receive the ballot paper. No doubt, all Whips and ex-Whips prefer that M.P.s should vote "as their leaders tell 'em to," but a Tory M.P. need not be totally or at all times without conscience. It all depends when he exercises his conscience: it may be forgiven if it concerns homosexuality or obscenity. Not so wise if it 's Suez. The ballot paper's simplicity does not list these general principles and takes no note of the important factor of personality. The columnist-sleuths of the Sunday Press, and others, who know exactly what is going on behind the scenes among the parties, assured us that it is quite impossible that Mr. Nicolson will be adopted again by his Association. Meanwhile, prominent aspirants for a seat so cosy have temporarily dropped out. Mr. Churchill, who often "thinks for himself" and Mr. Shawcross, who has individual ideas, will both wait to see how the cat jumps. As for Mr. Gaitskell, he may be assumed to watch events with sympathy for the sitting Member. He totted up the cost of the new agreement with Nasser as a free gift of £50,000,000 to Nasser, "the final and humiliating account for the folly of the Suez escapade."

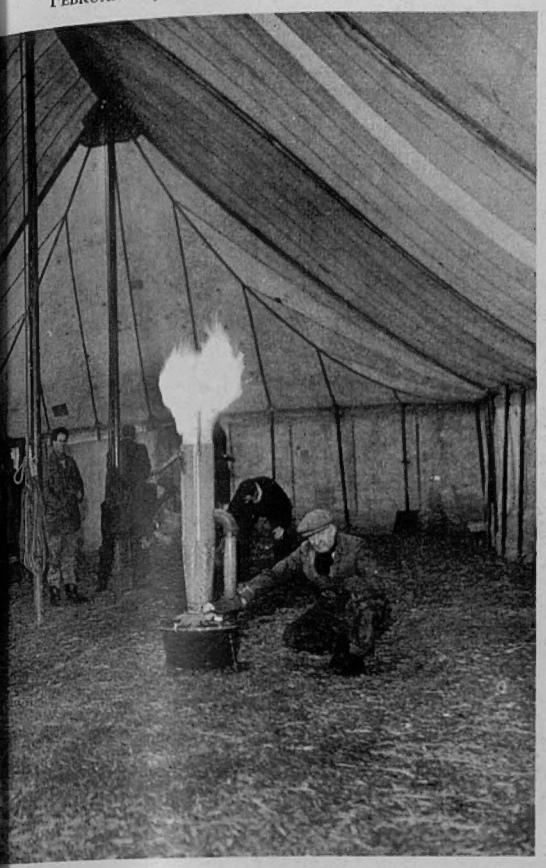
Master of Churchill—Sir John Cockcroft is appointed first Master of Churchill College, still to be completed. The appointment of Masters for Churchill is to be a prerogative of the Crown, as it has long been in the case of the Dean of Christchurch, Oxford, and of the Master of Trinity, Cambridge. The reason given for adding Churchill to the two former Crown appointments is "to ensure the widest possible field of choice." Not only in Cambridge but outside, critics are found to say that it may lead to dull, unimaginative selections. No one concerned with the ideal of a broad and liberal basis of education at the universities likes the idea of advice from politicians and Civil Servants and specialists limiting that ideal. However, Churchill will be largely a technological college (to keep up with the Jones's in Russia and America), and a mere 30 per cent. of its students will be "arts" students, so no doubt it was to be expected that a famous scientist would become first Master, and Sir John will cease to be a full-time member of the Atomic Energy Authority. But I rather hope that the first Master will not reveal quite the cool, bitter contempt for Latin, dead languages and "all that nonsense" which was so evident last week on TV in a symposium of young technologist teachers and students, nearly all of whom looked to me as if a little grounding in the arts would have improved their appearances and certainly their powers of expressing the Queen's English. For indeed many of them looked like anæmic beetles and talked like Poor Poll. Sir John is a graduate and Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, which encourages hope.

Monty Sums Up—Over the walnuts and wine in the cosy company of Mr. Dimbleby and Mr. Collingwood (holding a watching brief for the U.S.A.), Monty summed up his book and his lectures. Had he any regrets for harsh words spoken of his fellow generals? Undoubtedly, he regretted the present coldness of Eisenhower towards him, despite the warm tributes he paid him. But no regrets, no amendments. The truth must prevail, and if you know the truth, you have a duty to tell it. (For my part, as I have sometimes said, I believe that at no period of our history have human beings been less fit to endure the truth.) Monty believes that he has been consistently right, in battle always, politically usually. He does not favour soldiers shouldering out politicians, but once victory in battle is assured, the soldier must put political consequences first, and must be listened to by the politicians.

Ike's "master plan" was not Monty's, and it let the Russians into Berlin and in Monty's view *all* our troubles to-day result from a divided Germany. I would not go so far as that, and I wish I could altogether subscribe to his confident and touching belief that all the men who died in his victories died that we, who survive, might enjoy the liberty we now enjoy, a liberty which (he rightly defines) should mean doing what is right, not what we like. True, a thousand war memorials confirm his grand belief that a million crosses mark the graves of men who died to save our liberty. A cynic might quote from Galsworthy, in his bitter description of a covert shoot in *The Country House*, in which a wounded rabbit crept out to die, "asking of Nature why she murdered him"—for *Nature*, substitute *the politicians*.

To Recruit the House of Lords—The Government has been defeated in the House of Lords on three occasions this session—on officers' retired pay and widows' pensions, on the resting date of the Close Season for deer in Scotland (both desirable defeats), and now on the admission of hereditary peeresses to the House. Although the Government will not bow to this defeat before the election (it would not be so ill-advised), the success of Lord Reading's motion is clarifying and interesting—and depressing. For years and years it has been accepted that the Upper House (quite apart from the fact that half the country is to-day opposed to the hereditary principle) is absurdly over strength. About 700 of its members are redundant, never attend, contract out, or when they on occasions do attend, embarrass the House and pack it to suffocation, and create a suspicion of class politics. The useful work of that House is done by about 150 skilled members. The Socialist Opposition is utterly opposed to the hereditary system. What steps, then, have recent Governments taken to turn the Upper House into a consistently handy and practical Second Chamber? With an existing redundancy of 700 hereditary peers, they passed a measure to increase membership by an unfixed number of life peers and peeresses. That recruitment did not apparently satisfy Lord Reading, or indeed Lord Salisbury, who for years has been hammering at schemes to *rationalise* the House; and a majority of the Lords backed the proposal to admit twenty-one hereditary peeresses also, to give them rights which their life-sisters now have. There is no historical precedent for such admission of baronies by writ inherited by females. To admit them would confer on them privileges not given to males. Lord Hailsham was right in calling the proposal "injudicious and foolish." It certainly gives us an idea of how the minds of many hereditary legislators swing over this question, and convinces me that no Tory Government in our time will ever seriously try to safeguard Second-Chamber Government or cease to flirt with privilege and outworn tradition. One day a Labour Government will decide that this is a *tremendous* trifle and will deal with the House of Lords root and branch. At any rate, I doubt if they will stand for any more *hereditary* titles.

Oh, Lords, How Long?—Four more unexceptionable life peers, recommended by the Premier, have been created. That was to be expected under the terms of the Life Peerages Act, but I still wonder whether a mistake was not made in refusing to select a new title to take the place of "Lord." I don't want to attack a little butterfly with a steam-hammer, but there really is something rather absurd in our almost unique addiction to, and multiplication of, titles. When everybody 's somebody, then no one 's anybody, and to-day perhaps the popular Press alone holds the view that only people with titles are worth a line of print. The various grades of peers' titles in old days connoted power, political influence, land and riches. Crippling taxation changed all that, and nowadays, when once-wealthy dukes must peddle cheap sherry for a livelihood—small blame to them—and Garter Knights return from a ceremony to wash up greasy plates on Mary's day out, there is a strong argument for restricting the conferment of such once splendid titles and letting



f the marquees erected at Murrayfield. It was reported perations to get the frost out of the ground. Once this lan, which proved successful, was put into operation there elected showed two changes from that which lost to France.

PROTEST OVER THE CLOSURE OF WELSH PITS: Some of the 700 miners who travelled to London from South Wales enter the Houses of Parliament to protest to their M.P.s against the proposed closure by the National Coal Board of thirty-six uneconomic pits throughout the country. Seven of the pits to be closed are in South Wales.

hem gradually die out, even apart from the fact that we are reputed to be an equalitarian democracy. For we are almost alone among the democracies in adhering to, and multiplying, these outworn designations and multiple collections of gongs. For example, ever since the First World War, in the photographs of allied war leaders in conference, the huge patchwork-quilts of ribbons worn on the tunics of the British have contrasted rather absurdly with the modest showing of foreign marshals and high officers. I should admire the Tories more, if they saw this trifling absurdity more clearly and took some tardy action to check it, and to make democracy and equality look a little more real so that the untitled majority (?) of our nation and our allies would recognise that our democratisation (of which we boast) was not only being "done" but could be seen to be done. It cannot be beyond the wit of man to think out a substitute for the title Lord which would suggest more of the present tense and less of the past. The day is not too remote when inevitably Labour will rule again and will see in this trifling relic of a dead era of privilege something of sufficient importance to deserve new and serious thinking. It would be much better if the Tories began or continued more resolutely to tackle the process of evolution—to avoid a sudden jolt. It is true that the absurdity of creating more dukes and marquises has been accepted, and perhaps the austerity of the list of hereditary peers and baronets in the latest Honours List was some indication of ca' canny. But really the title "Lord" is becoming as inept as that of duke or marquis for the times in which we live—the time of the Russian Lunik, a juncture which somehow puts jewelled stars, coronets and garters and the age of privilege back another century into the dim, museum past.

Mike Hawthorn—The tributes to Mike Hawthorn showed conclusively that he was not only a master of speed but a kindly, modest, unspoilt and generous friend and man. The poignancy of his death needs no stressing, coming as it did so soon after he had relinquished his dangerous trade, and occurring on a straight stretch of road used all day long by ordinary drivers and by them regarded as safe for reasonable drivers. Mike Hawthorn had often given advice to people like you and me on how to control skids and on other road safety precautions. It may have been that his death resulted from not practising what he preached to ordinary drivers on ordinary roads. In all England to-day only on the Preston By-pass when its surface is usable), if there and then, can high speed be justified *vis à vis* the safety of ordinary drivers. It is fair to the public to point this out. High speeds maintained by the most experienced drivers on our present road system present new dangers to less experienced drivers whose reactions are slower in emergency, and Hawthorn's death might well have involved the deaths of other motorists driving at 40/50 miles an hour on a stretch of the Guildford By-pass which those who know it treat with caution. The racing motorist, however sure of himself, can never be sure of other users of the roads and should never assume that any of them possess his skill and coolness. And in the event, his own skill failed him. It was a terrible lesson of the danger of excessive speed on ordinary roads and that was the view of the Coroner and the basis of the jury's verdict.

To Help the National Galleries—Stimulated by art-lovers and stung by complaints, our Government is becoming more generous with our money in aiding our picture galleries and our buildings of historic interest. Apparently, no strings are attached to the doles to the galleries. If the trustees and management "blue" the lot on acquiring a picture or two which they fear may go to America and believe to be by a master, it 's O.K. by the Treasury. But many of the public's complaints are concerned with improvements to the amenities of the galleries, and with the failure to show a large percentage of the pictures we already possess which blush unseen in cellars. Some of us know that America hangs and displays fine pictures quite as well as we do and possesses a far larger public interested in, and improved by, works of art. If our money is given to enable a few experts to outbid America at auctions, especially before the provenance of a given work of art is beyond doubt, I would prefer that some of it were first laid out on showing us the pictures we already possess under more comfortable conditions.

A Nasty Winter—I suppose, taking Britain as a whole, it has proved so far a severe winter. Certainly the north of Scotland and the Midlands have had a longish spell of frost and snow, icy roads, fogs, gales and floods, and even in our favoured central south counties the farmers have had much to put up with. But I have kept diaries for years past, for the most part weather records, and very few of the years past lack these depressing winter conditions at some time between Christmas and Easter. I cannot recall a year when those who dwell in the low-lying areas of the Thames have not at some time been driven to their upper floors or rescued in punts, and I wonder that the occasional brief joys of a fine spell in summer induce them to endure a much longer period of dampness and depression. But I don't hear that house property in such riverside areas slumps, and cricket is still hopefully played at Worcester, where the ground is usually the first place to announce flood warnings. Perhaps, as a race, we are Pompeians and prefer to live under Vesuvian threats, counting the amenities of one fine day at Wargrave, for example, of more value than many of inevitable discomfort. In any case, the statisticians are perhaps too record-happy. Their "record" winters, floods and other winter ills are not the rarities they suggest. We have to get through our British winters and their discomforts year after year, and on the whole our farms and gardens are usually the better for them. But there 's a lot to be said for Marrakesh in January and February for those who can afford it, or the Swiss Alps, albeit at the end of January Southern England enjoyed a very good imitation of St. Moritz at its best.

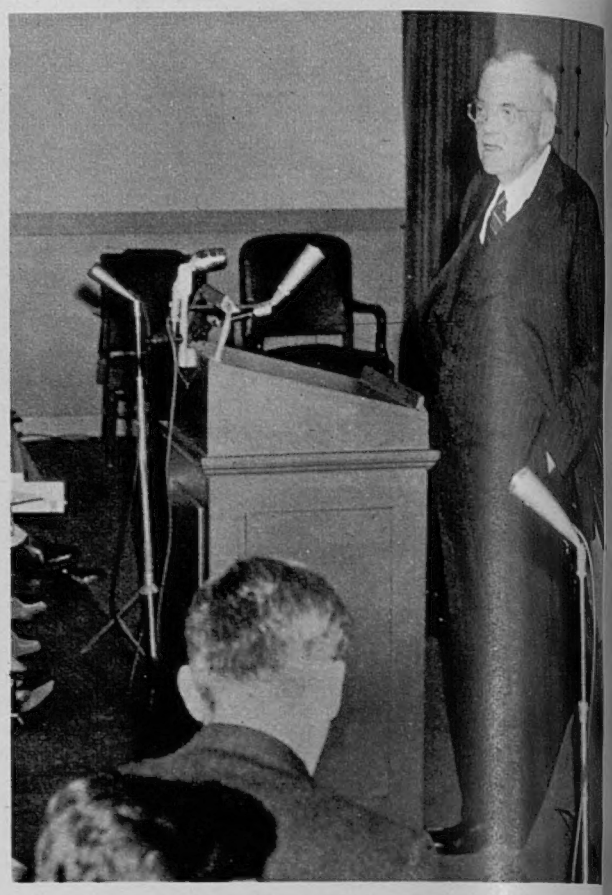
PREPARING FOR THE ROYAL VISIT TO CENTRAL AND TO SOUTH AMERICA: The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra attend a reception given by the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Councils in London's Belgrave Square. On the left is Viscount Davidson, President of the Councils, and on the right is Sir John Taylor, the Director-General who will accompany the Duchess and her daughter on their tour. The Royal journey starts on Wednesday and the first call is at Mexico City.

Cyprus Pimpernel—Cyprus is no doubt one of the largest Mediterranean islands. Its area is 3,500 square miles, about half the area of Wales. (The Isle of Wight, for comparison by those who imagine Cyprus to be a "tiny island," has an area of 145 square miles.) Cyprus is mountainous in the north and south-west, and well furnished with caves, fissures and other natural hideouts. Nevertheless, despite these statistics, I sometimes wonder how EOKA's Pimpernel chief, Grivas, has so long managed to evade arrest. "We seek him here, we seek him there." We have combed the island for him for years under every perfection and variety of organised hunting and have never got near him. One day (soon, I hope) some enterprising publisher or Press-lord will offer a huge sum for his life-story, and it should be worth the money, if indeed a Grivas exists. I have begun to wonder if he is "the man who never was." An invented name to trick the "enemy," a will o' the wisp to lure the hunter to a danger-point or away from a vital cache of arms, a trade-name to advertise a propaganda campaign. Is he in Heaven, or is he in Hell, or merely in the imagination of all concerned? However it be, he is a *scarlet* pimpernel, and Makarios' sudden attack of optimism struck me as a more than usually remarkable utterance from that remarkable man. THE OLD STAGER

IN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

U.S. Foreign Policy; A Ceremony in Canada; Events in Latin America and Cuba

Above—**THE CHAIRMANSHIP OF THE U.S. FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE: Senator Theodore Green (left), who had just announced his retirement from the Committee at the age of ninety-one, talks to Senator Fulbright (Democrat). In accordance with Congress's rules of seniority, the chairmanship was due to go to Senator Fulbright, who is an expert on foreign affairs. Senator Theodore Green is the oldest man ever to have served in the Upper Chamber.**



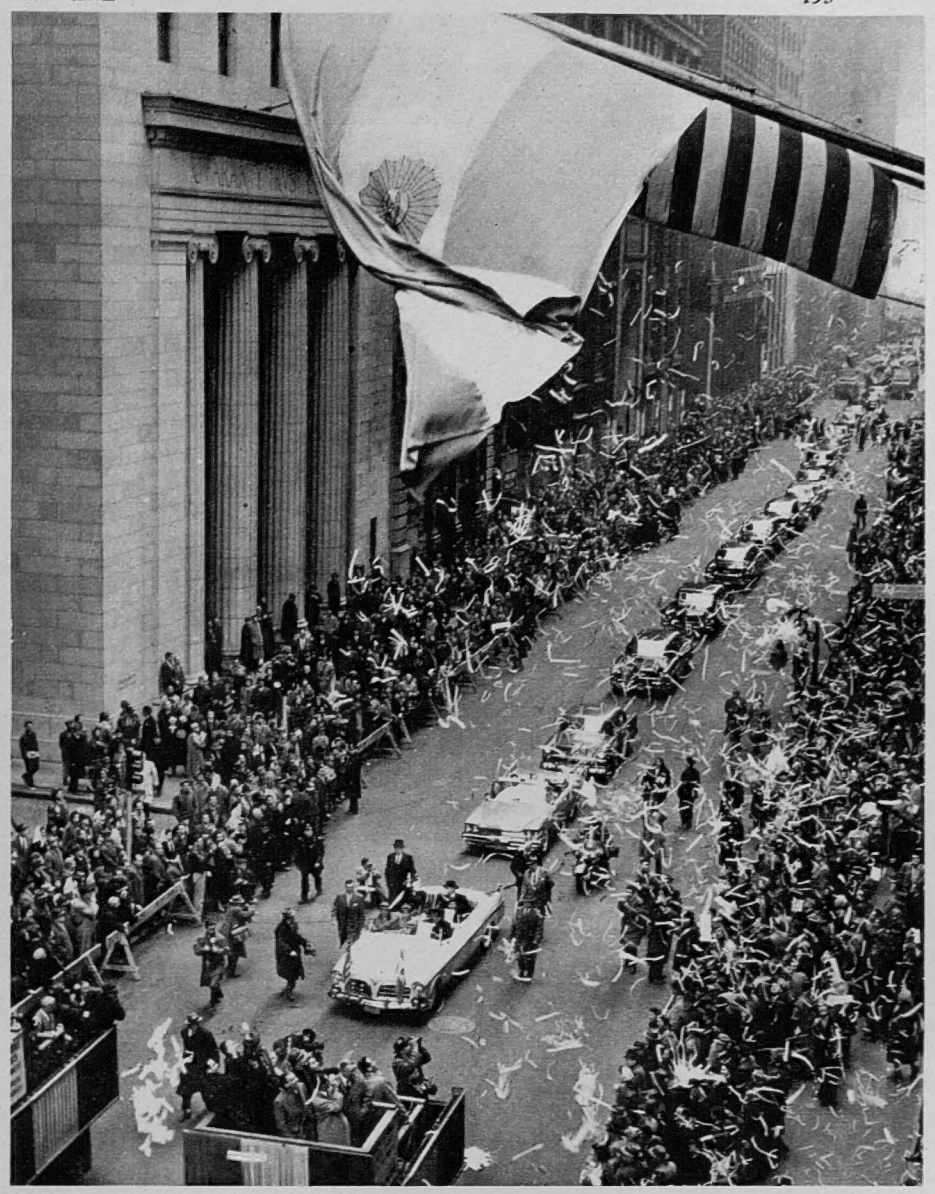
On right—**MR. DULLES ON THE QUESTION OF GERMAN REUNIFICATION: In Washington, the U.S. Secretary of State speaks at a Press conference. He later left for consultations with Western Governments in London, Paris and Bonn. The main object of the tour was the timing of a four-power Foreign Ministers' meeting to attempt to remove differences in the approach to the German problem. These consultations would cover the possibility of talks about Germany with the Soviet Union.**

THE OPENING OF THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE: At the opening ceremony of the fifth session of the twenty-fifth Parliament in Toronto, the speech from the throne is read by the Cle of the House, Mr. R. S. Lewis (left). The Lieut.-Governor, His Honour J. B. Mackay, follows the text of the speech. Seated on the right is Mrs. Mackay. The Lieutenant-Governo was unable to read the speech because he was suffering from an eye ailment. The Government of the Canadian Province is vested in the Lieutenant-Governor and a Legislati Assembly of ninety-eight members elected for five years. The last General Election was held in 1955. The Progressive Conservatives have an overwhelming majorit

HE PRESIDENT OF ARGENTINA IN THE UNITED STATES: Dr. Arturo Frondizi addresses the National Press Club in Washington during his visit to the U.S., during which he met President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles at the White House. Dr. Frondizi was reported to have said that his country was determined to improve the economic outlook for the people and stressed the acute need for economic support in the development of Latin America. President Frondizi arrived in the United States on the first official visit to the U.S. by an Argentinian President, despite the turmoil in his country over a general strike.

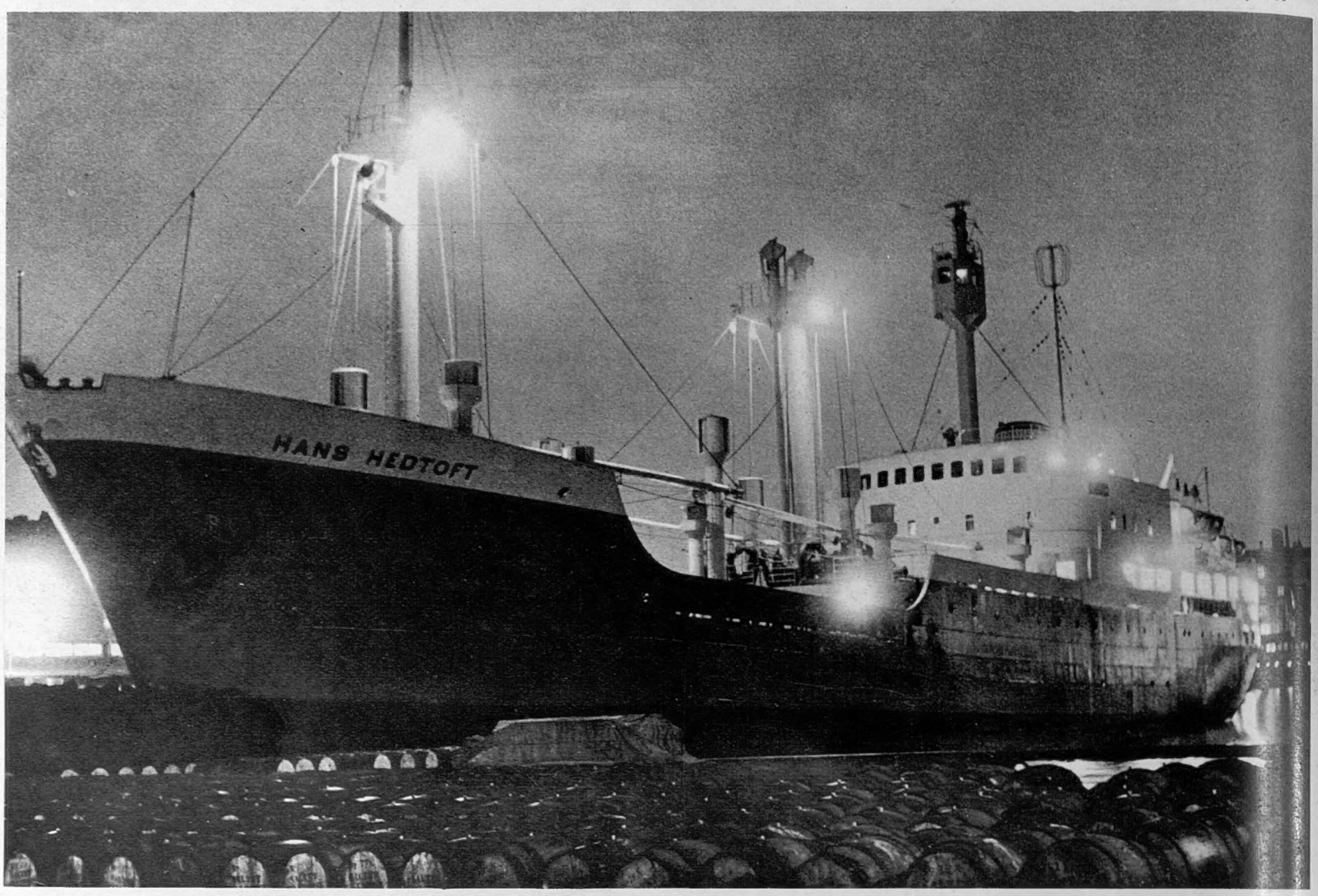
R. CASTRO IN VENEZUELA: In Caracas, the Cuban leader (left) confers with the Venezuelan President-elect, Dr. Betancourt, at the latter's home. The Cuban Ambassador to Venezuela, Francisco Pividal, is seated on the right. It was announced that Cuba was to send a diplomatic mission to Venezuela to study a joint policy against dictatorship in Latin America. While in Caracas, Dr. Castro attended celebrations to mark the first anniversary of the overthrow of the Venezuelan dictator, Colonel Marcos Pérez Jimiénez. A military headquarters in western Cuba later announced that a conspiracy against Dr. Castro had been "nipped in the bud" and that arrests had been made in four towns.

NTENCED TO DEATH IN HAVANA: A soldier removes the handcuffs from ex-Captain Pedro Morejon at a hearing of the military tribunal. He was found guilty of assassination, homicide and looting. After his appeal had been denied, he was shot. His execution brought the number of "war criminals" shot to 265.



TRADITIONAL WELCOME IN NEW YORK: During the ticker-tape parade up Lower Broadway to the City Hall, President Frondizi of Argentina waves from the leading car. The police estimated that about 300,000 people lined the route. Many of them shouted greetings in Spanish.

GENERAL STRIKE IN ARGENTINA: A soldier stands guard over a slaughterhouse in Buenos Aires from which the workers were forced to leave after a Government decision to sell the business. A transport strike followed. After troops had been called and many arrests made, sixty-two Peronist unions decided to call off the strike. The country quickly returned to normal.



A DANISH SHIP SINKS WITHOUT TRACE AFTER COLLIDING WITH AN ICEBERG ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE: The 2,875-ton motor vessel *Hans Hedtoft* is berthed at Copenhagen shortly before sailing on her ill-fated maiden voyage, with fifty-five passengers and a crew of thirty-nine on board. The motor vessel hit an iceberg about thirty miles south of Cape Farewell, the southern tip of Greenland. In answer to distress signals, five ships and two aircraft went to the area where the *Hans Hedtoft* was slowly sinking, but after hours of searching there was no trace of her. All the passengers and crew are presumed to have lost their lives. The search for the missing ship was made increasingly difficult by winds of 60 miles per hour and waves which reached 40 ft. In darkness, the search had to be called off because of the danger of encountering icebergs and floes. Two days after the disaster, faint radio signals which could have come from one of the motor vessel's lifeboats were picked up by a ship taking part in the search. The signals were believed to be about 100 miles from the point where the *Hans Hedtoft* sank.

DISASTER AT SEA

A Danish Ship Sinks on Her Maiden Voyage; Casualties in a Collision in the Thames; and Other Ships in Difficulty

Above—**AN INTRICATE OPERATION IN QUADRUPLICATE: In New York, a line of tugboats, four abreast, assist in the work of freeing a freighter, wedged broadside after coming into collision with a lift-bridge over the Buffalo River. Stretches of the river are still difficult to navigate as result of recent floods, which have not yet fully receded.**

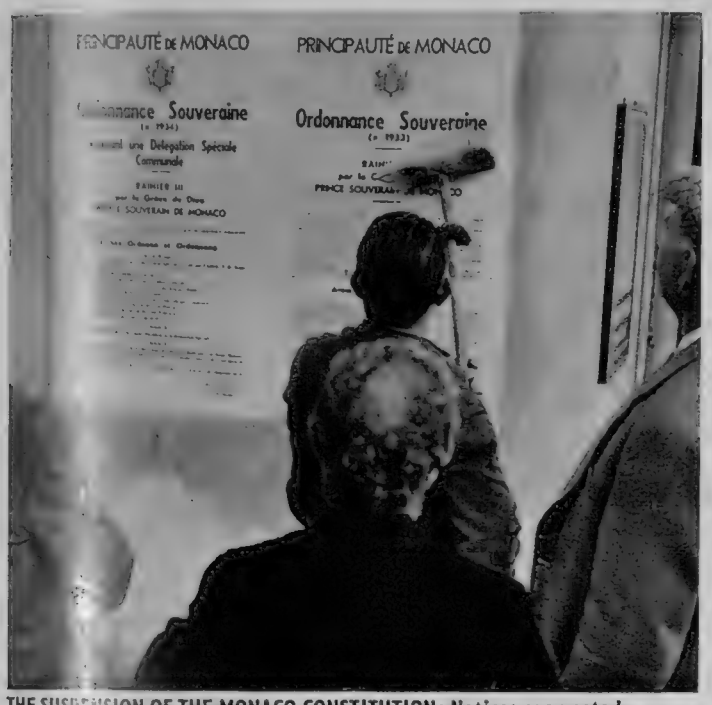
On left—**A SEAMAN DIES AS SHIPS COLLIDE IN THE THAMES: At the East India Dock, officials inspect the damage to the motor vessel *Ocean Coast*, which was in collision with the motor vessel *Beechmore* in the Thames at Blackwall Reach last week-end.** As a result of the collision, which occurred during the hours of darkness, a twenty-three-year-old seaman, Thomas Holford, of Liverpool, was trapped in his bunk and killed. He was the fourth engineer of the *Ocean Coast*. Two other members of the crew received injuries. Although the two vessels were locked together for only a few minutes, some idea of the force with which they collided can be judged from the deep gash running right down the port side of the *Ocean Coast*.

On right—**A VICTIM OF THE ELEMENTS: With a 10-degree list, the Norwegian cargo-vessel *Ramfoss* prepares to berth in Aberdeen harbour. She had run into a storm 100 miles north-east of Aberdeen. The list was the result of water coming in through a leak and swelling 200 tons of pulp which were being carried in No. 2 hold.**

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A UNIQUE OCCASION IN THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT: M. Bachaga Boualam presides over a meeting of the National Assembly in Paris. He is wearing the dress of his native country, Algeria. He was elected Vice-President of the Assembly when it met under the new French Constitution last December and is the first Algerian-born Muslim to occupy the chair at a regular session of the French Parliament.

A SOCIAL EVENING FOR GENERAL DE GAULLE: The President of France, wearing dress uniform, attends a ball in Paris to mark the 150th anniversary of the foundation of the famous French military academy of St. Cyr. On his left is Madame de Gaulle, and on his right is Madame Debré, the wife of the Prime Minister. The General began his military career as a cadet at the Academy from 1909 to 1912. During the evening he led the singing of the traditional cadet songs.

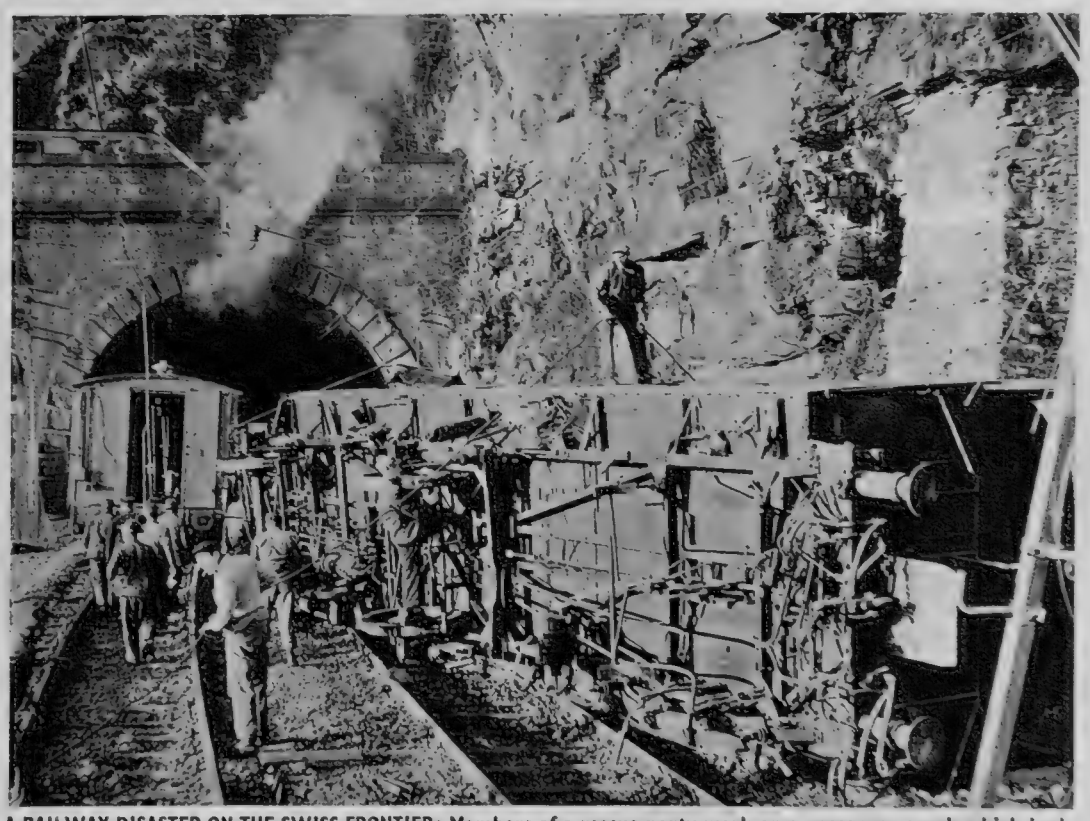


THE SUSPENSION OF THE MONACO CONSTITUTION: Notices are pasted up in the Principality announcing that the Constitution has been suspended. The step was taken by Prince Rainier because of what he termed the "continuously hostile attitude" of the National Council. His right to order the suspension has been challenged by some local politicians.

On left—

A CONTROVERSIAL POLITICAL FIGURE OF THE RIVIERA: Prince Rainier is seen with Princess Grace at a charity gala in Monte Carlo, shortly after he had suspended his Principality's Constitution. For many years there has been a struggle for power between the Prince and the National Council. The crisis came to a head early last week when the Council refused to vote the Budget. In a broadcast Prince Rainier accused the Government of attempting to "blackmail" him. He added that the suspension of the Constitution was only provisional and spoke of plans for reforms, including giving votes to women.

THE FEMALE FRANCHISE ISSUE IN SWITZERLAND: Dr. Landolt, the Mayor of Zürich, addresses a meeting to discuss the question of votes for women. It was largely attended by women, but being disenfranchised they had no say in the plebiscite held throughout Switzerland last Sunday as to whether or not they should be granted votes. The result of the poll on a proposed amendment to the Constitution showed that the men were strongly against allowing their womenfolk the right to vote in Federal elections. The proposal was rejected by 654,000 votes to 323,000. The amendment would have required not only a majority vote over the whole country but also in more than half of the twenty-three Cantons. Only three Cantons favoured enfranchising women.



A RAILWAY DISASTER ON THE SWISS FRONTIER: Members of a rescue party work on a passenger coach which had been overturned by a landslide at the mouth of a tunnel on the Simplon railway. The "local service" train was running between Domodossola, in Italy, and Brigue, in Switzerland. Earth and rock crashed on to the train as it was passing through a cutting outside Varzo. A woman and her daughter were killed and one passenger injured. The casualties would undoubtedly have been higher had not the train been almost empty.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN UNFAMILIAR SPECTACLE FOR THE BEDOUINS: Excited inhabitants of a village in Jordan look up and wave greetings as a helicopter carrying King Hussein prepares to land. Many of the local inhabitants had never before seen an aircraft of this type. The King was flying to inspect the scene of the crash of an airliner en route to Amman from Jerusalem. Nine people were killed in the accident.

ON PATROL IN CYPRUS: British soldiers are engaged in a search of Agros, in the Troodos Mountains. They had been passing through the village when they noticed a man carrying a large bag. He threw it down and ran away on their approach. In a search of the village a quantity of explosives was discovered. Last week-end an official statement was issued in Cyprus by the military authorities regarding the current operations which have aroused considerable controversy in Parliament. The statement explained that the word "operation" was a misnomer. All that was taking place was exercises on a limited scale.

THE LAST SHIFT IN A COAL-MINE: At Oxenford No. 3 colliery, near Ormiston, in East Lothian, the miners come off the six o'clock shift. The mine was closed by the National Coal Board as an economy measure. Machinery and equipment from the pit was to be removed and either used in other pits or placed in store. Some 52,000 tons of coal were obtained a year by the 230 men employed at the pit. Oxenford Colliery was reported to have lost £250,000 in the last four years. Only thirty men engaged in salvage work were left after the closure. Most of the others were due to start work at Newcraighall Colliery or Smeaton Colliery, Dalkeith.

THE SCENE OF AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE FOR BUDDHISTS: With the peak of Annapurna in the background, a young man carries a pitcher of water from the entrance of a site prepared for a gathering of Buddhists in Pokhara, in Central Nepal. The purpose of the meeting was to protest against the restrictions placed upon entry into Tibet by the Chinese authorities now controlling that country. The large concourse of Buddhists at Pokhara pointed out that previously they had enjoyed virtually free entry to make a journey to Lhasa. They decided to send a delegation to Tibet to discuss the complicated new visa regulations.

MANY CASUALTIES AS A RESULT OF SERIOUS RIOTING IN FLORENCE: Policemen, swinging truncheons, run after some of the demonstrators who gathered in the centre of Florence in protest against action taken by the police in evicting more than 400 workers from a factory in the city where they had staged an eighteen-day sit-down strike in protest against dismissals. The eviction led to a transport hold-up as the Communist-controlled Labour Federation and the Social Democrat Union called for a general strike. About fifty policemen and fifty demonstrators received injuries as a result of the throwing of stones and bricks.

A CLASH BETWEEN THE POLICE AND DEMONSTRATORS: An onlooker carries his bicycle away from the scene of rowdyism in Florence. In an endeavour to clear the crowds from the streets, the police sprayed them with water hoses and also used tear-gas bombs. In retaliation, the demonstrators started to throw stones and bricks and many people were injured. As a result of barricades thrown across the roads, all public transport ceased and shops in the city centre remained closed. In spite of an appeal for calm, issued by Mgr. Florit, Bishop Coadjutor of Florence, the rioting continued for prolonged periods.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PROSPECTING FOR OIL IN ISRAEL: The derrick has been erected in an apparently barren area of the Negev. But experimental drilling, in the hope of discovering oil, has now begun here. The potential oil field was only made accessible by the building of a road to carry the necessary heavy equipment to the site. Rocks of great size had to be blasted so that the highway could be constructed. The search for oil is being carried out by the National Oil Company, which is sponsored by the Israeli Government.

AN EARLY MORNING CONSTITUTIONAL OUTSIDE JERUSALEM: Mr. Robert Graves (right), the distinguished author, whose works include books on Biblical themes, Mr. Ben-Gurion and the Israeli Prime Minister's Secretary take an early-morning walk on a road near Jerusalem. Mr. Graves, who had arrived in Israel to give a series of lectures, had called on Mr. Ben-Gurion soon after dawn and they had at once set out for a "constitutional" of several miles. The sling round the Premier's shoulders carried a radio set. The walk was stopped while Mr. Ben-Gurion listened to a news bulletin.

On left—

A NEW FRENCH ATOMIC ENERGY CENTRE: The new centre at Grenoble is linked with the university in the city as well as with industry in the area. It was formally opened recently by M. Soustelle, the French Deputy Prime Minister. He described the buildings as a "symbol of efficiency, of the desire of our country to keep its place among the leading group of atomic Powers." He went on to emphasise the importance of the peaceful aspects of the French Atomic Energy Commission. In principle the Grenoble centre is not unlike those at Saclay, Châtillon, and Fontenay-aux-Roses. One of the principles of the A.E.C. is to decentralise nuclear effort and research as far as is possible.

THE FIRST MASTER OF CHURCHILL COLLEGE: Sir John Cockcroft (left), Lord Weeks and Professor B. W. Downs are seen at a Press conference in London held by the trustees of the Churchill College Trust Fund. Sir John accepted the invitation of his fellow trustees to become the first Master of the new college in Cambridge. Announcing this, Lord Weeks said the Queen had agreed that future masters be appointed by the Crown on the advice of the Prime Minister. It was hoped building operations would start this year.

PRESENTATION OF A ROLL OF HONOUR: The Minister of Transport, Mr. Harold Watkinson, hands over the roll of honour of the Merchant Navy to Sir Frederick Bowhill, Worshipful Master of the Honourable Company of Master Mariners. On the right is the Clerk of the Company, Mr. W. T. C. Smith. The ceremony took place on board H.M.S. *Wellington*, moored at the Victoria Embankment in London. The handsome courtroom of the former Admiralty sloop occupies what was once the engine-room. The vessel acts as the livery hall of the Company.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE TWENTY-FIRST CONGRESS OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY: Mr. Khrushchev makes the inaugural speech to the delegates gathered in the Kremlin. He spoke with two brief breaks for over six hours. The section of his address which attracted the greatest attention was his forecast that in the foreseeable future, Russians would work less, earn more and be freed from taxes. He did not explain whether his tax-free paradise included freedom from indirect as well as direct taxation. Under the present fiscal system, much Soviet taxation is indirect and on essentials for living. Turning to foreign affairs, he proclaimed his wish for peace. At later sessions, Soviet and foreign delegates spent time attacking Malenkov and other former leaders as "anti-Party conspirators" and denigrating Yugoslav revisionism.

BURNS NIGHT IN THE SOVIET UNION: A large portrait of the poet has been set up at a special meeting in Moscow to mark the bicentenary of the birth of Robert Burns. Standing at the desk is the Soviet writer Kerney Chukovsky, giving an address on the life and work of the poet. Burns is regarded as a "poet of the people" in the Soviet Union and his work enjoys wide popularity. When Mr. Malenkov toured Britain three years ago, he showed a great knowledge of Burns when visiting Scotland.

THE CABINET CRISIS IN ITALY: Signor Fanfani leaves the Presidential Palace in Rome after handing in his resignation as Prime Minister and the resignation of his Government. President Gronchi asked Signor Fanfani to continue in office until a new Cabinet could be formed. The reason for the resignation was the breakaway from the Coalition Government by the Social Democratic element, headed by Signor Vigorelli, the Minister of Labour. Their action is thought to have been instigated by a wish to consider union with the Nenni Socialists as result of Signor Nenni's recent renunciation of his Party's alliance with the Communists.

On left—
FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ALASKAN STATE SENATE: In Juneau, Alaska, Mr. William E. Beltz, an Eskimo, points on a map to his home village. He had just been elected the first President of his State's Senate, formed as result of the admission of Alaska as the Forty-ninth State of the U.S.A. Mr. Beltz is politically a Democrat. Reports from Washington last week spoke of pressure being started for the admission of Hawaii as the Fiftieth State.

BRITAIN'S DELEGATION TO THE BAGDAD PACT COUNCIL: In Karachi, from left, are: Sir Alexander Symon, High Commissioner to Pakistan; Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence; Mr. C. J. M. Allport, Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Commonwealth Relations Office, and Sir Bernard Burrows, the British Ambassador to Turkey.

OPENING THE CONFERENCE IN KARACHI: General Ayub, President of Pakistan, addresses the Ministerial Council of the Bagdad Pact at the start of its half-yearly session. On his right is Manzoor Quadir, Pakistani Foreign Minister, and on his left Mr. Baig, Secretary-General of the Pact. President Ayub said that the three Asian member-states possessed "some of the finest manpower" of the continent. He went on to refer indirectly to Pakistan's differences with India and Afghanistan. At the conclusion of the three days of meetings, statements were made reaffirming the value of the Pact as a means of defensive, economic and technical co-operation. It was considered that the solidarity of the members had contributed to recent "increased stability" in the Middle East. The position of Iraq, which has suspended its membership, was not discussed in public session, but there was no doubt that it was raised in the private deliberations. While the Council was in session, mass demonstrations in Bagdad demanded Iraq's full withdrawal from the Pact.

World Affairs

NATIONALISM SWEEPS EAST AFRICA

By JOHN CONNELL

UNTIL a short time ago—a disquietingly short time ago—the brief sentence which composes the title of this article would have been regarded, by anyone closely associated with colonial affairs and British colonial policy, as irresponsible and alarmist. Those are adjectives which few would lightly apply to *The Times*. Yet that sentence is not mine; it was the heading of a news item on the main news page of *The Times* one day early last week; and its urgency was emphasised by a "shoulder" on the front page, the words "Growing Stress in East Africa," in a space in the top right-hand corner, which is left blank except on occasions of the utmost importance.

What had caused this excitement in Printing House Square? It was an echo—and a reinforcement—of a similar excitement elsewhere, indeed in the Colonial Office itself. During the previous week-end, with the minimum of publicity and little or no advance notice or preparation, there had assembled at Chequers a remarkable conference, presided over by Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the Secretary of State for the Colonies. Those who attended were: his two immediate political subordinates, Lord Perth and Mr. Julian Amery; the Permanent Under-Secretary, Sir John Macpherson; the Governors of Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika; and the British Resident in Zanzibar.

The issue which they discussed during that crisp, frosty and sunlit week-end was of extreme and dramatic urgency: the sheer speed with which the African nationalist movement and Pan-Africanism are developing in the territories for which these distinguished folk are, jointly and severally, responsible. As the Political Correspondent of *The Times* (it was his story that bore the title which I have, with suitable acknowledgment, borrowed) remarked with bleak and unsparing seriousness: "The situation has now arisen where there is a general problem in East Africa and British colonial policy has failed to find a solution."

The development of this general problem, as distinct from the individual issues in the separate territories which are of relatively minor importance, has been (or ought to have been) apparent for some time past. Yet it was dangerously easy to put the issues in the various territories into separate compartments, to point out learnedly and accurately that economic, social and cultural conditions differed, and continue to differ, widely from colony to colony, from region to region. The expert on the affairs of the Buganda felt, and took a certain intellectual and emotional comfort in feeling, that his problems were different not merely in degree but in kind from those of, say, the expert on the affairs of the Kamasia and the Kikuyu, and that all these, in their turn, were worlds away from the problems of those who were knowledgeable about the Somali. That they are all faced with a major general crisis, of which all these secondary issues are manifestations, is now obvious. It ought to have been admitted and resolutely tackled long ago. Even the mere recognition of this crisis is now perilously belated.

This, I am regretfully convinced, is another phase in the collapse of an imperial system which developed into an ordered and complex civilisation. How much longer it is possible to shut our eyes to what is happening, and to employ consoling and evasive phrases about "the transfer of power" and "the liquidation of the evils of colonialism" is now very questionable. To give this process its proper name—the decline and fall of the British Empire—may still seem to be in shocking bad taste, but it may be salutary. It may possibly prevent further folly and humiliation; it may even, I believe, save some lives. And lives—many lives—are going to be in dire need of saving quite soon.

As anyone who has bothered to read a large and instructive book by Edward Gibbon will have no difficulty in agreeing, it is characteristic of these processes that they occur in phases and that each phase of the disaster (if you think, of course, that the collapse of a civilisation *is* a disaster) has its own inner momentum and rhythm, which are contributory factors in the whole process. For example, the withdrawal of the last Roman legions from Britain—sudden and dramatic as it was, devastating as were its effects—was by no means an isolated phenomenon; it was an expression of a world-wide loss of nerve, and of an abdication of leadership and authority which, for many generations before, millions had taken for granted.

There must be many in the farmlands and towns of East Africa whose sentiments, forebodings and ultimate destiny differ not at all from those of the inhabitants of Bath or Gloucester or Caerleon early in the fifth century of our Christian era. But, compared with its august predecessor, the British Empire has been very short-lived. Seven years ago, in a novel which I wrote on this theme (a theme which, I may remark, I have pondered constantly since the end of World War II), I ventured to say precisely this. Miss Marghanita Laski, whom few would accuse of imperialistic tendencies, reviewing the book in a literary weekly, expressed mild surprise at what seemed to me, even then, a truism.

Roman civilisation in Britain lasted close on 400 years, though the withdrawal of the physical power which sustained it was precipitate. British civilisation in East Africa had its first beginnings within the memory of many who are still alive and flourishing; the withdrawal of the physical power which has sustained it (in itself, as I have pointed out, an expression of a loss of nerve) looks as if it is going to be as precipitate as the departure of the legions from Britain in A.D. 410.

It seems far from improbable that we are about to witness in East Africa a repetition of the events of 1945-47 in the sub-continent of India, of those of 1945-48 in the Mandated Territory of Palestine, and of those of 1952-56 in Egypt. Let us not be diverted from our recognition of the main (and, in my view, tragic) theme by paying too much attention to the numerous and obvious differences in the various previous repetitions of the pattern of retreat. The new phase, however, is bound to offer one major variation, which is of considerable importance. In a highly percipient account of his experiences as a young district officer in Kenya some thirty and more years ago, Mr. G. O. Hemming has written: "What was happening then has happened often before when a stronger culture has met a weaker. Roads, taxes, law and order, these were the first pillars of government long ago when the Romans ruled Celts in Gaul and Britain, just as they are to-day in the African territories administered by European powers; for the meeting and mingling of civilisations is an age-long historical process in which colonial empires have always played an important part."

A somewhat sombre corollary has to be added, in the light of which the analogy of Roman Britain takes on its own grim aptness. It is that when the stronger culture becomes the weaker, the pillars of government crumble and civilisation collapses. On the part of those who seek to undermine and oust an "alien" ruling power, this process may be—as Sir Isaiah Berlin argued in his brilliant inaugural lecture as Chichele Professor of Social and Political Theory at Oxford last October—an expression of the desire for "positive" freedom. But for the representative and the habitual beneficiaries of the culture which is being defeated, it is a comfortless and sorrowful experience.

The settled white populations of the various East African territories are—and I fail to see how this definition can be seriously questioned—the representatives and the habitual beneficiaries of a culture which is under vigorous and increasing attack. The settled population of Roman Britain by the end of the fourth century A.D. had sustained repeated inroads of barbarian enemies from three sides. They got less and less aid from the empire's centre; and in 406 they were in such despair that they set up first one, then another, and then a third usurping emperor of their own, to try to organise their defence against those inroads. These efforts failed, and in 410 they sent final, pitiable protestations of loyalty to the real Emperor, Honorius. But, as Collingwood and Myers record, "Honorius was in no position to do anything for them. The attempts of Constantine to protect the eastern frontier of Gaul had broken down; Alaric was marching on Rome; Stilicho, the main defence of the Western empire, had lost both his place and his life; and all the Emperor could do was to reply instructing the British *civitates* to arrange for their own safety as best they could."

PROGRESS TOWARDS SELF-GOVERNMENT IN TANGANYIKA: Sir Richard Turnbull, the Governor of Tanganyika, reads the Governor's speech at the opening of the Legislative Council in Dar-es-Salaam. The picture was taken last November when for the first time directly elected members were among those who took their seats at the Council. Voting for further elected members is to take place shortly in Tanganyika. Sir Richard was one of the East African Governors who were summoned to a special conference at Chequers recently.

Our contemporary means of communication can bring governors from outlying—and endangered—territories rather more quickly and easily to the empire's centre than was possible for the Romans; and almost to the last moment (as anybody who has witnessed, as I have, the last moments in at least one abandoned territory, can confirm) the Colonial Office can pour out a stream of telegrams.

The authorities in Rome were doubtless troubled and distressed when they thought about the difficulties and dangers to which they were abandoning their kinsfolk and friends in distant Britain; but they had their own problems to contend with. Alaric, after all, was approaching the gates of the city. Opportunities to save Britain had been allowed to slip by; time was no longer on the side of civilisation. Peace and prosperity, down to at least the middle of the fourth century, had reigned everywhere in the British countryside; but then came the first warning signs, and they were ignored. Within a few years all was lost. To ponder this ancient analogy may not be comforting; it is extremely instructive.

AT A POLO MATCH: Prince Philip smiles at an incident in the exhibition match played at New Delhi. With him are Mrs. Thimayya, wife of General K. S. Thimayya, Chief of Staff of the Indian Army, and Mr. Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister. Ratanada beat the Army by 3 goals to 1.

SHAKING HANDS WITH THE PLAYERS: The Duke of Edinburgh is introduced to those taking part in the polo match. Extreme right is the Maharajah of Jaipur who with Rao Raja Hanut Singh and his two sons, constituted the Ratanada team.

INDIAN REPUBLIC DAY PARADE: Prince Philip and Mr. Nehru acknowledge the applause of the huge crowd lining the route of the parade in Delhi. The Duke saw a colourful pageant of armed forces and tableaux representing life in India. The climax was a fly-past by jet aircraft, including Canberras, Mystères and Hunters. Three Gnats trailed plumes of smoke in the colours of the Indian flag.

ROYAL VISIT TO INDIA

Colourful Scenes During the Duke of Edinburgh's Tour

In India, the Duke of Edinburgh had a full and varied programme. As well as engagements in Delhi he visited many other parts of the country and saw aspects of India's life (both ancient and modern) and industry. In the early days of his stay he opened the Indian Science Congress and visited Jaipur and Agra. He watched an exhibition game of polo in Delhi and later, in company with Mr. Nehru, drove past huge crowds to see the Republic Day parade in celebration of the nine anniversary of India's independence. Throughout his stay cheers and applause greeted the Duke as he moved among the people on his way to and from his engagements. At an open-air meeting in the old part of Delhi His Royal Highness received from the city an address of welcome to which he was asked to convey to the Queen "the high esteem in which we hold her, as the symbol Head of the Commonwealth and for her qualities of high dignity, grace, character and sense of duty." Later, in Bombay, the Duke sat on the folded roof of his car as he drove through streets crowded with cheering people.

IMPROVED TYPE OF WHEAT: During a tour of the Botany Museum of the Indian Agricultural Research Institute in Delhi, Prince Philip sees grain from an improved strain. He was shown round by Mr. P. S. Deshmukh, Minister of Co-operation.

INSIDE THE TAJ MAHAL: The Duke stands behind the tomb of Mumtaz Mahal inside the famous mausoleum near Agra. In the centre in the white suit is the Governor of Uttar Pradesh, Shri V. V. Giri. Prince Philip also saw the Emperor Akbar's abandoned capital at Fatehpur Sikri.

A RAPID VISIT: Prince Philip examines one of the Royal jewels of Jaipur following his arrival in the capital of Rajasthan. On his right are the Maharajah of Jaipur and the Maharani Gayatri Devi. The Duke of Edinburgh flew to Jaipur from Delhi in a Heron of the Queen's flight. After he had visited some of the palaces and monuments in the city he had luncheon with the Maharajah and in the afternoon flew on to Agra to stay the night.

On left—

TRIBAL DANCER: Clothed in a huge mask, garlands and jewellery, a dancer from Mysore takes part in celebrations held in Delhi to mark the anniversary of the declaration of the Republic of India.

On right—

ON PARADE: Vast crowds watch the march-past celebrating the ninth anniversary of the Republic of India. In the background is the President's Palace. The building is flanked on either side by the two wings of the Indian Union Secretariat.

DANCE FESTIVAL IN DELHI: Naga tribesmen from Assam perform a victory dance during the celebrations watched by Prince Philip. The men are from the Hmar tribe which lives in the north-eastern part of Assam.

HADRIAN'S VILLA

Excavation and Reconstruction on the Site Outside Rome

IN THE EMPEROR'S VILLA: The statue is believed to have been copied from one of the caryatids of the Parthenon, in Athens. Found in Hadrian's villa it is now in the museum on the site. The large estate is outside Rome, a little over three miles away from Tivoli.

THE CANOPUS POOL: The elongated hollow was designed to imitate the famous sanctuary of Serapis, some 15 miles from Alexandria. The statues are reproductions of those in the museum. Underlying the design was Hadrian's wish to remember places he had visited.

The Emperor Hadrian, who succeeded Trajan in 117 A.D., built for himself the largest and richest imperial villa in the Roman empire. It was begun in 125 A.D. and finished ten years later. Many archæologists have found it difficult to understand why Hadrian chose such a featureless spot for his estate. About three miles away from Tivoli, near Rome, the site is flat and unprepossessing. In the emperor's day the district was not even salubrious. Possibly Hadrian built there to avoid the attentions of his courtiers, many of whom occupied villas at Tivoli. In constructing the magnificent buildings which make up the estate, Hadrian wished to recall places which had impressed him during his extensive travels throughout the Roman Empire. He copied many buildings from Athens, the Canopus of the Egyptian Delta and the Vale of Tempe in Thessaly. To these he added a representation of Hades. Most of the statuary is believed to be copies of Greek work.

The first excavations of the site were ordered by Alexander VI and Cardinal Farnese at the end of the fifteenth century. Excavations were carried on during the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In 1870 the Italian Government acquired most of the site and excavation was scientifically planned. New discoveries are still being made as the work is continued. Many of the statues and other works of art discovered in the villa have been scattered throughout Europe.

A museum houses recent discoveries. It comprises a series of rooms, originally designed as quarters for guards and servants. Much of the excavation and reconstruction work since the war has been centred round the Canopus pool. The pillars and caryatids surrounding this representation of the famous sanctuary of Serapis, near Alexandria, gives an idea of the spaciousness and magnificence of the emperor's life in the villa. Surrounding the pool are copies of sculpture found during excavation work and now in the museum.

On left—
INSIDE THE MUSEUM: The building was designed by Hadrian to house servants and guards. The walls are the original rose-coloured brick. Doorways have been made between the various rooms, but these are the only alterations.

On right—
DISCOVERED IN THE RUINS: The draped figure was found recently at Hadrian's villa. It is thought to be a copy of a statue from the school of Phidias. Excavation work has been carried on for many years.

ONE OF THE FINDS: On one of the walls of the museum is this large mask found in the ruins of the villa. It had probably been copied from a Greek original.

RACING IN THE SNOW

At Arosa, in Switzerland, Horse Races are Run on the Frozen Lake

The Swiss resort of Arosa lies at the head of the Plessur Valley, surrounded by mountains rising to heights of from 8,000 to 9,000 ft. It is almost completely sheltered from the wind. Long known as a health resort, Arosa has also developed many facilities for winter sports of all descriptions. In the clear mountain air, many visitors flock each year to enjoy the ski-ing, walking and various sports in the centre. Horse races are run on the flat or over hurdles on the snow-covered ice of Lake Obersee. There are also trotting races. Unlike Britain where, during the winter, punters all too often hear the sad news that racing is cancelled owing to the hard going, in Arosa the meetings are held when Lake Obersee is frozen over.

Ice hockey is played during the winter season on the natural rinks in the resort. They are attended by many spectators. As more visitors flock to Switzerland for their holidays each year, so more and more facilities are built. At Arosa, there is a chair hoist which carries passengers well over 2,000 ft. up to the Hörnligrat, which is a favourite starting-point for mountain walks and is 8,202 ft. above sea-level.

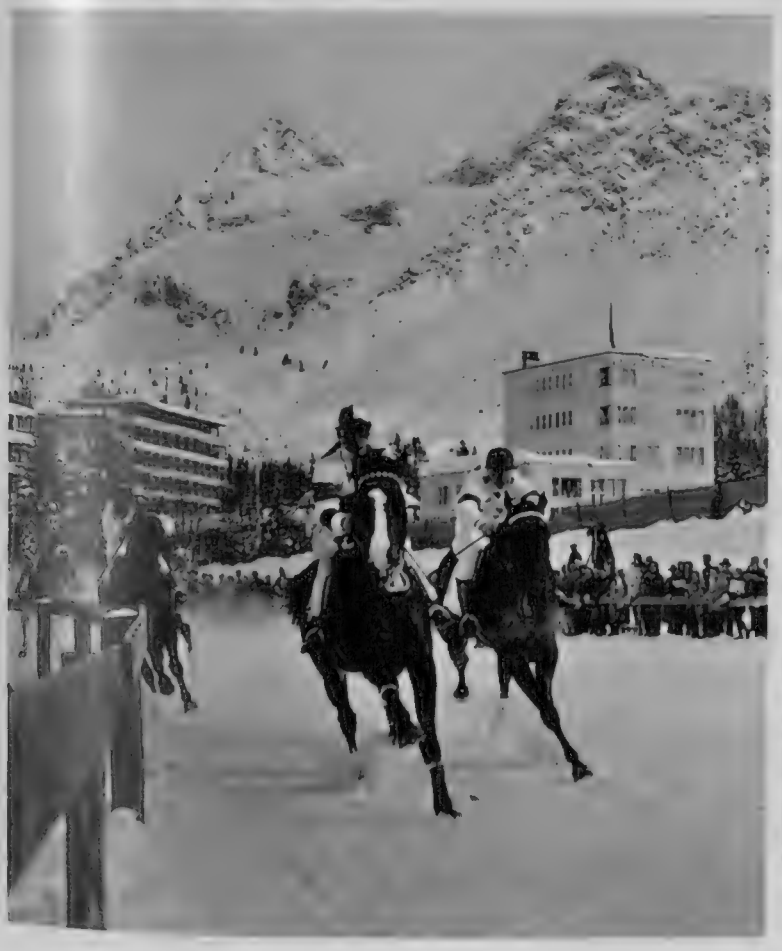
During the years 1956 to 1957 a cable airway was built to the summit of the Weisshorn. This is claimed to be the largest of its kind in Switzerland, taking into account the size of the cabins and the speed of the ascent. Its maximum capacity is 600 passengers an hour and it takes 20 minutes to climb nearly 3,000 ft. At the upper station on the route there is a large modern restaurant.

Not only does Arosa offer the attractions of a winter season, there are also those of summer, including golf and swimming. On the first of May the fishing season opens in the Cantonal waters and the trout season opens on the Obersee, Untersee and Mittelbach on July 1.

SUN AND SNOW: In the Swiss holiday resort of Arosa an ice hockey match is watched by many spectators sitting in the stands. Behind the buildings in the background a ski-lift (centre) takes skiers up to the upper slopes of the Alps. Right, background, is a cable railway.

On right—

OVER AN OBSTACLE: In one of the races run on the snow and frozen ice of Lake Obersee, at Arosa, the horses clear the brush fence to land in a spray of snow. Hurdle, flat and trotting races are a regular feature of life in the Swiss resort.



RACING ON SNOW: The ring on the racecourse on Lake Obersee is set in the picturesque surrounding of snow-laden pine-trees. *Left*—The horses come round the bend during one of the races on the hard, frozen surface on the lake. The jockeys wear protective goggles.

HOLES IN THE ROAD

Repair Work on the Preston By-Pass After Frost Damage

At the end of last year the Prime Minister, with a flourish, opened the Preston by-pass, nearly nine miles of dual carriageway, which constitutes the first of Britain's much heralded motorways. In the first month of this year the by-pass was temporarily closed to traffic. After a severe frost and quick thaw, it was discovered that the surface of parts of the inside lanes had cracked and bubbled. Although reports of the damage were exaggerated—no more than half 1 per cent. of the total road surface was affected—the closure needed a great deal of explanation. As it was sourly remarked, the Preston by-pass was not all it was cracked up to be.

What had happened was that water seeping down into the foundations of the road had turned to ice, expanded and pushed up the surface. In the thaw the macadam subsided, cracking and rippling to such an extent that it was deemed dangerous to fast traffic. The motorway was promptly closed for repairs and for work to be carried out in draining the grass verges. This work was estimated by the Lancashire County surveyor, Mr. J. Drake, to take about a fortnight. He was also reported to have said that he had expected trouble with the new motorway but had not thought of frost.

The structure of the road itself involves the use of a new process developed by Lancashire County engineers, whereby macadam is put down cold instead of being rolled when hot. The present surface is a temporary one. After the motorway has settled down when a volume of traffic has passed over it, it is proposed to lay a rolled asphalt-wearing surface. This temporary surface is reckoned to be more porous than a permanent one.

An additional factor is that the construction was dogged by bad weather and the grass verges had not had a chance to dry out. If, as has been suggested, the trouble can be solved by a modification to the drainage system, it would appear reasonable that this could have been incorporated in the original construction. It was stated that the cost of the repair work was being borne by the Ministry of Transport.

In charge of the construction of the motorway was the Lancashire County Council, who acted as agents of the Ministry. About £4,000,000 were spent. It has been suggested that at the back of all the trouble is the financial problem. A survey of highway authorities by the British Road Federation showed that Government grants for road maintenance for the year 1958-59 are about £1,000,000 less than for the previous year. The total is about the same as for 1939, but the volume of road traffic has increased greatly. About 8,000 vehicles a day, for instance, were using the Preston by-pass before it was closed. It was calculated that at the present level of grants it would be possible for some local authorities to re-surface Class I roads only every sixty-nine years, Class II roads every fifty-four years and Class III roads every eighty-three years.

The advent of the new motorways, especially the London to Yorkshire route, represents a new approach to the traffic problem in this country. Not only does this mean that civil engineers have not, perhaps, as much local experience as they would like, but also that the problem of financing the roads needs careful consideration. The whole structure of highways in this country is complicated by Acts of Parliament which have become antiquated. The last consolidating Highway Act was in 1835. A new measure, the Highways Bill, was published recently. If this is approved by Parliament, and if the result of the official examination of the Preston by-pass is the prevention of severe frost damage in future, the problems of controlling the increasing volume of traffic in this country may be eased if not solved.

DRAINAGE WORK: Mechanical trenchers are used to dig channels for drainpipes in the grass verges of the Preston by-pass. The road was closed while the surface, damaged by frost, was repaired. Drainage work was started at the same time to dry out the grass verges.

Below—

CLOSED TO TRAFFIC: On the Preston by-pass, a bulldozer levels off ballast at the Lancashire County Council depot at the Samlesbury intersection. In the background is the bridge over the A.59 and River Ribble.

On left—
DAY AND NIGHT: Under floodlights work continues round the clock on the Preston by-pass. Drainpipes are laid in channels cut in the verges and central reservation. It was stated that the damage to the first of Britain's motorways had been caused by water seeping under the road down to the foundations. This had turned to ice in the heavy frost.

PRESTON BY-PASS: The present surface of the road is temporary. After it has settled under use by traffic, it is intended to lay a rolled asphalt-wearing surface. At the moment the road consists of a base of burnt shale, a 9-in. layer of wet-mix—water-bound macadam, a 2½-in. tarmacadam base course, and on top a coat of cold asphalt in which were embedded pre-coated granite chips.

On left—
LONDON-YORKSHIRE MOTORWAY: Construction has been delayed by bad weather. This stretch is soaked by the floodwaters of the River Ouse. Work continued on the bridges. The 55-mile motorway is being built on a tight schedule, but no trouble was expected since no tarmacadam is due to be laid until the spring. The road is to have an asphalt surface, 1½ ins. thick, laid on 2½ ins. of tarmacadam. Below will be 14 ins. of concrete on a stone base.

BELOW THE ARCTIC ICE: In a vault cut in the ice and snow at Camp Fistclench, near the American military air base at Thule, in Greenland, tests are conducted on the properties and structure of frozen particles and blocks of snow and ice. In the remote north-west of Greenland, American engineers have for some time been carrying out research into the possibility of constructing living quarters and storage rooms below the ice-cap. The project is being undertaken by scientists and technicians of the Snow, Ice and Permafrost Research Establishment (S.I.P.R.E.) of the U.S. Corps of Engineers. Already, numerous tunnels have been cut into the ice and it is reported that the experts are prepared to carve out specially heated and ventilated barrack rooms, vast natural refrigeration stores, and even such facilities as shops. The tunnels leading to the vaults are cut with the aid of machines known as Continuous Miners. These have banks of chain-saws like teeth which cut into the ice-face. The cut ice is brought to the surface on a conveyer belt.

WITH TWO ARMIES

Experimental Work of the American Army's Engineers in Greenland and Mountain Warfare Training in Germany for British Soldiers

BRITISH SOLDIERS LEARN MOUNTAIN WARFARE WITH THE GERMAN ARMY: *Left*—Under the instruction of Sergeant Veit, of the Bundeswehr Mountain and Winter Warfare training school at Mittenwald, members of the 35 Corps Engineer Regiment learn the rudimentary principles of ski-ing. *Right*—Led by Major Erich Hett, the chief instructor at the training school, and immediately followed by Lieutenant John Drake, of Hawkhurst, Kent, the British troops leave the camp for the ski slopes.

Two officers and eighteen other ranks, all volunteers from 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, have just returned to their camp at Osnabrück, in Germany, with detailed accounts of their experiences during a comprehensive course with the Bundeswehr at their Mountain and Winter Warfare Training School at Mittenwald, on the German-Austrian border. The course, which was for a duration of three weeks, initiated the soldiers, many of them undergoing National Service, into ways and means by which one can travel and fight efficiently in the mountains during prolonged periods of snow, ice and winds.

Movement was carried out on skis and, as a result of coaching, most of the troops return to Osnabrück proficient skiers. Only one or two of the party had set foot on skis before. After daily instruction, which included demonstrations of ways of turning and stopping in cases of emergency, the soldiers carried out exercises on the mountain slopes. The length of the ascent was increased each day until the majority of the skiers under training could overcome without difficulty the numerous obstacles encountered on the steep descent.

When out on the slopes, the troops were in the charge of Major Erich Hett, the training school's chief instructor, and his deputy, Sergeant Veit. On the journey to and from Osnabrück and Mittenwald, the party was led by Lieutenant John Drake, of Hawkhurst, Kent. The success of the three-week attachment can best be summed up in the words of one of the soldiers: "It was really terrific. Such an experience in 'civvy' street would have cost me at least ninety pounds."

A SCENE OF GREAT SUFFERING IN THE PAST AND OF A NOTORIOUS MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE : The picture was recently taken of the Iles du Salut, off French Guiana, in South America. Half a century ago these isles were a French penal settlement and among the prisoners on one of them, Devil's Island, was Captain Dreyfus, victim of an injustice which had repercussions far outside French military circles. The islands ceased to be a penal settlement in 1938 and to-day they can claim to merit their name of Islands of Health.

MEANS OF ESCAPE: The canvas boat was of a type which prisoners on Devil's Island used to construct in the hope of making a getaway. Most who attempted escape were caught. Behind the boys the pictures in the museum are of Marshals Joffre and Foch, Clemenceau the "Tiger," and President Poincaré.

ISLES OF HEALTH

Changes in Devil's Island and French Guiana Since The Dreyfus Case

The name Devil's Island still has a ring of horror about it for most people. The two words conjure up pictures of wretched convicts suffering the vilest brutalities in the torrid heat of an equatorial penal settlement. Dominating the scene, of course, is the tragic figure of Alfred Dreyfus, the victim of one of the most notorious injustices in modern history. Such a view was once correct. To-day it would be entirely wrong. Devil's Island, swept by sea breezes, is a cool and pleasant place in which to live and fully qualifies for membership of the group called the Iles du Salut (Islands of Health). From the rest of French Guiana, too, the stigma of having been a prison colony has been removed. For the past twelve years the territory has been a Department of France.

The area on the north-east coast of South America which is now known as Guiana, was first penetrated by white men at the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was believed to be the fabulous land of El Dorado where gold existed in such abundance that inhabitants of the cities lived in gold houses, ate all their meals off gold plates, and slept on massive gold beds. Raleigh and many others pursued this illusion. Although little, if any, of the precious mineral was discovered, Guiana was soon a recognised pawn in the expansionist policies of the Colonial powers, bandied about at this treaty and that, until eventually settlement was reached on three separate Guianas for Britain, France and Holland.

In the middle of the last century Napoleon III established a penal settlement in French Guiana. His purpose in sending criminals across

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE WATCHTOWER: From the top, watch was kept over the nearby Devil's Island in the days of the penal settlement. Signals could be sent via Ile Royal to the Guiana mainland. Many of the prisoners must have dreamt of escaping from the vile conditions and some attempted a get-away. But the land route to freedom was through most difficult country and the sea was even more perilous.

ON THE MAINLAND: Elderly inhabitants sit in Cayenne, the capital of French Guiana. They are of an age which can look back to the time when many of those who came to the colony were convicts.

A FORMER EXECUTIONER: This man, known locally as "Mouche à Boeuf," was once the executioner in charge of the guillotine in the prison at St.-Laurent-du-Maroni. Now he is a basketmaker by trade.

A LEADING INHABITANT: M. Ullmo arrives at his home in Cayenne on returning from his work as chief accountant to one of the leading local commercial firms. The Creole couple who look after him greet him at his front door. Like many citizens of the capital of French Guiana, M. Ullmo uses a bicycle as his means of transport.

On left—

A LONG LIFE OF DEVOTION: Sister Antoine, of St. Paul's Hospital, Cayenne, is ninety-six years old. She has been in French Guiana for over half a century, and in spite of her age still works regularly at the hospital.

QUARTERS FOR CONVICTS: The sun shines through the windows into a blockhouse in which as many as 100 convicts used to sleep, chained together. In the years when Guiana was a penal settlement the windows were blacked-out and no light allowed to intrude.

ON THE BORDER: Abdel Mejid, an Arab, keeps a store in a village about 150 miles up the River Maroni, which is the frontier between French and Dutch Guiana. He sells a miscellaneous selection of goods to his customers, ranging from pearls to pots and pans.

ISLES OF HEALTH

(*Continued from previous page*)

the Atlantic was to replace the labour force in the colony lost through the abolition of slavery. In order to maintain the fullest possible supply of labour he created an ingenious and most unjust system called the "doublage." Under this decree, every convict, when his time expired, had to remain in the colony for another period equivalent to the length of his sentence. Thus, a man condemned to seven years' imprisonment would have to stay for another seven years in Guiana after his nominal release. Prisoners sentenced to more than seven years did not even have the benefit of doublage. They were condemned to live in Guiana for the rest of their human span.

Like most of the Emperor's experiments in America, the doublage had far from satisfactory results. Theoretically the released convicts should have turned into settlers, working as small farmers or as artisans. In practice nothing was done to prepare them for any jobs. Prisoners on release found themselves thrown out with nowhere to live and no means of livelihood. Men on doublage were a constant source of trouble, drinking, thieving, quarrelling and killing each other and innocent people.

Such was the atmosphere when Alfred Dreyfus, the former French Army captain, court-martialled and degraded on espionage charges, arrived in 1895. A special law had been passed so that he could be imprisoned on the most secure part of the prison settlement—Devil's Island. He was to remain there for over four years before public opinion forced a reconsideration of his case. It was not until 1906 that justice was finally done and his innocence properly recognised by his restoration to the French Army. But the association of Dreyfus with Devil's Island ended at the turn of the century.

French Guiana remained a penal settlement until 1938. Then the system of doublage was stopped. Six years later the entire penitentiary was abolished. Immediately after the war those still serving sentences were given the choice of returning to their homeland or staying in Guiana as completely free men.

The year 1946 marked the final transformation of Guiana. By a decree of March 19, it ceased to be a colony and became a Department of France. Like all other fully-fledged Frenchmen, the inhabitants return their own representatives to the Parliament in Paris and a Prefect is appointed as head of the local government. Freedom of Press, assembly and religion are guaranteed, salaries are fixed on the standards prevailing in metropolitan France, and public servants have the right to six months paid leave in France every five years.

So ended an unhappy story. Reminders can still be found of the savage past. For instance, among the exhibits in museums are canvas boats in which convicts driven desperate by the conditions would attempt to escape. Almost invariably they learnt that the hazards of the shark-infested ocean were even worse than the rigours of the land. In the streets of Cayenne and elsewhere the visitor will sometimes come upon inhabitants who in the not-so-distant past were prisoners. They are some of those

THE PLACE OF EXECUTION: The buildings in the bay of Ile Royale were used for solitary confinement and also as condemned cells. The bodies of those who were executed were thrown into the sea. To-day an American airline company maintains a wireless station on the island.

CAFE LIFE IN MODERN GUIANA: Patrons are greeted by the proprietress. Cayenne has lost the atmosphere of the old penal settlement and is a community of free people.

who were freed under the 1946 edict. Either they chose to remain and settled down in the new Department, or they returned for a while to France, but discovered that after long years in the tropics they were unsuited to European conditions and came back to Guiana.

Communications are being rapidly improved. A big airport has been built near the capital and there is a smaller airfield at Maripassoula. The harbours are at Cayenne, St.-Laurent-du-Maroni and Oyapoc, and the country is being opened up by roads.

French Guiana has various economic resources. Vast areas are covered by forests of many kinds of trees and timber is a major export. Crops cultivated include maize, manioc, bananas and sugar-cane. The last-named is exported as rum. One of the most important industries is gold mining—Raleigh's dream has at last been found to have some substance. The mineral deposits are sufficiently exploited for considerable quantities to be sent out of the country.

Devil's Island basks green and attractive in the sun. There has been talk of turning it into a health resort.

A STREET CORNER IN CAYENNE: The shop proudly displays its sign that it is a Parisian bazaar. French Guiana to-day is an integrated part of France, returning its members to the French Parliament and being administered by a Prefect. Communications have been greatly improved; there is an airport at Cayenne and new roads are being built.

HISTORY OF THE WILLOW

Although the Craft of Weaving Osier Rods Has Been on the Decline for Centuries, Many Baskets of Different Shapes are Still Made from Willow

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

GERVASE MARKHAM, writing about the year 1620, said: "The Osiar commonly groweth of his own self, and is also planted of his roddes, in watrie and marish ground; it is planted and springs most plentifully, where the earth has been beaten up with the rage and overflowings of the water and it serveth as a sure defence for making bankes and walles of marshes, and that chiefly in Marche. Osiar serveth for making baskets, chayres, hampers and other countrey stuffe." Markham was writing about a trade (and the crafts springing from it) then already centuries old—and already beginning to decline.

It is not, I think, generally realised to-day that willow must once have been one of the most necessary crops, perhaps the most necessary crop, grown in England. Norden, writing in 1607, said: "I have planted an osier hope (for so they call it in Essex) in surrounded ground, that before was no use . . . and I think that it yeldeth me now greater benefit yeerely acre for acre than the best wheat." I feel sure that it did. We are apt to be misled by castles and great churches. Timber, though within the reach—at least for the taking on a dark night, running the risk of being caught and suffering severe punishment—of the poorest folk, was beyond the means of all but the wealthy, for the working of timber was then cumbersome and very expensive.

The poorer folk lived in huts rather than houses. They would get hold of some timber for the structural posts of these huts—planks could be roughly squared off with a side axe and an adze—but the rest would be built of willow and clay. Inside, there would certainly have been no wooden furniture at all. Wooden furniture, even as late as Tudor times, was very scarce everywhere, except in the houses of the nobility, because it was very expensive to make and very heavy when made. The household furniture of one of the wealthiest citizens of Colchester at the end of the fourteenth century was inventoried for taxation purposes. The contents are listed in G. G. Coulton's *Medieval Panorama*.

They comprised: one trestle table, two silver spoons, one cup, one tablecloth, two towels, one brass cauldron, one brass dish, one washing-basin and ewer, one trivet and iron candlestick, two beds, two gowns and one mantle. There is, you will notice, no mention of a chair. This man would have had chairs in his house, but they would have been basket-chairs, woven of willow; a twelfth-century illumination depicts a bishop seated in a basket-chair, and bishops at that time were among the wealthiest in the land. It was wooden furniture, not willow, which was considered remarkable and valuable.

Willow was used for a multitude of purposes in ancient times, in medieval times, and until very much later. It was light and easy to work and it grew all over the great marshes. It grew quickly and pretty well anywhere, by small ponds and small streams, even on mountain land, and provided a good supply of rods with little or no attention save for the annual cutting. All sorts of people cultivated willows—the monks at Westminster had an osier bed where Westminster Hall now stands—and used them for purposes long since forgotten. In particular, it was used in building: not merely for the building of a peasant's hut, but also in the building of castles, cathedrals and fortresses. For all such buildings the scaffolding was of plaited willow, and the stone, mortar and sand was carried in creels and baskets made of willow.

Farm wagons and carts used to have superstructures of willow wickerwork—you may still occasionally see a wagon with such an extension in use at hay harvest in distant parts of the country. Light basket chaises were still in use in rural areas far from towns at the end of the last century, and probably much later. Willow panniers were used for packhorses, ponies and donkeys, and remained in use until the railways were well established. A vast variety of baskets and creels, chairs, cradles and cribs were made. Norden was certainly on to a good thing.

All the same, it would not be untrue to say that decline in the osier trade began just about the time that he planted his surrounded ground, for it was at about this time that wooden furniture began to be a little more commonly used. Since that time, since about the end of the seventeenth century, the osier trade (or rather the crafts connected with it) has been in steady decline, with just an occasional spurt. In Victorian times, for example, there was a fashionable demand for elaborate basket-chairs for drawing-rooms. During the First World War many thousands of woven osier shell-cases were needed. With such exceptions, the decline was steady. I have read somewhere that in the ten years 1929-1939 the osier trade in this country declined by half. It has shrunk a lot since then.

But it still exists, and it is very far from dead. Most of the willow of commerce comes from the "wet moors" of Somerset, where osiers are grown as a crop. The rods are cut in spring. Men and boys (and more and more women, I think) go down the rows with knives, bending the rods skilfully across the knee and under the left arm-pit, collecting them into a bundle and binding them with one skilfully noosed rod. This is done so quickly and simply that it looks very easy. I have tried and tried again to noose a rod, and have never yet succeeded properly.

POTS AND BASKETS: In the Avon water meadows at Mudeford, near Bournemouth, fishermen cut withies from willow-trees. They are tied into bundles to be made into lobster pots. The craft is handed down from generation to generation. *Right, below*—In Chichester, a skilled basket-maker weaves the osier rods into the base of a laundry basket.

The rods needed for white work are stacked in piles and left until summer, when they can be peeled easily, leaving the willow rod a nice, clear white. Peeling is done by women and children using a two-pronged fork. This is stuck upright into a post. The peeler stands facing it and whips the rod through it, first from one end and then from the other, so that the thin bark sloughs off and falls behind the fork. Buff rods are prepared by boiling. They are then peeled in exactly the same way, but after peeling they are stacked in the open air for some weeks, so that they are thoroughly hardened before sale. "Buffs" are said to wear better than "whites," but I have met craftsmen who say that they are not so easy to work.

Before being sold, the rods are sorted into sizes. They are placed in a barrel which has a special measuring rod, marked off in feet, standing upright in it. I cannot say that I have ever seen a sorter who took the slightest notice of the measuring rod. A good sorter seems to know instinctively the size of rods, and goes through a barrel at lightning speed with no mistakes at all, pulling the tallest rods first, then the next tallest, and so on down to the shortest, which are bundled last of all. The bundles, by the way, are called "thraves," and each thrave is just about a comfortable armful. The prepared peeled rods are used in all light basketry work and for all indoor furniture work. Garden furniture is made of natural unpeeled willow, since this is more weather-proof.

What happens to all the thousands upon thousands of willow rods cut each year? It is true that the acreage of cultivated willow has shrunk appreciably in recent years, but it is still very considerable. Yet most people would not, I think, say that there is much willow work about. You do not, for example, see much indoor furniture of willow; for that matter, you do not see much used for garden furniture nowadays. Most people, I think, would say that basketry is a rapidly dying craft in Britain.

It is true that the solitary basket-maker, working in his cottage and growing his own osiers, is now a rarity. But there are still plenty of men working on their own (though most of them now buy their rods from commercial growers), even though they are not making baskets in the commonly accepted meaning of the word. These men work in green willow and they make eel-hives, fish kiddles, bait pads and scoops, lobster pots, crab pots, and so on. They use thousands of rods each year. Green willow is tough, and this "under-water basketry" develops exceptionally powerful forearms.

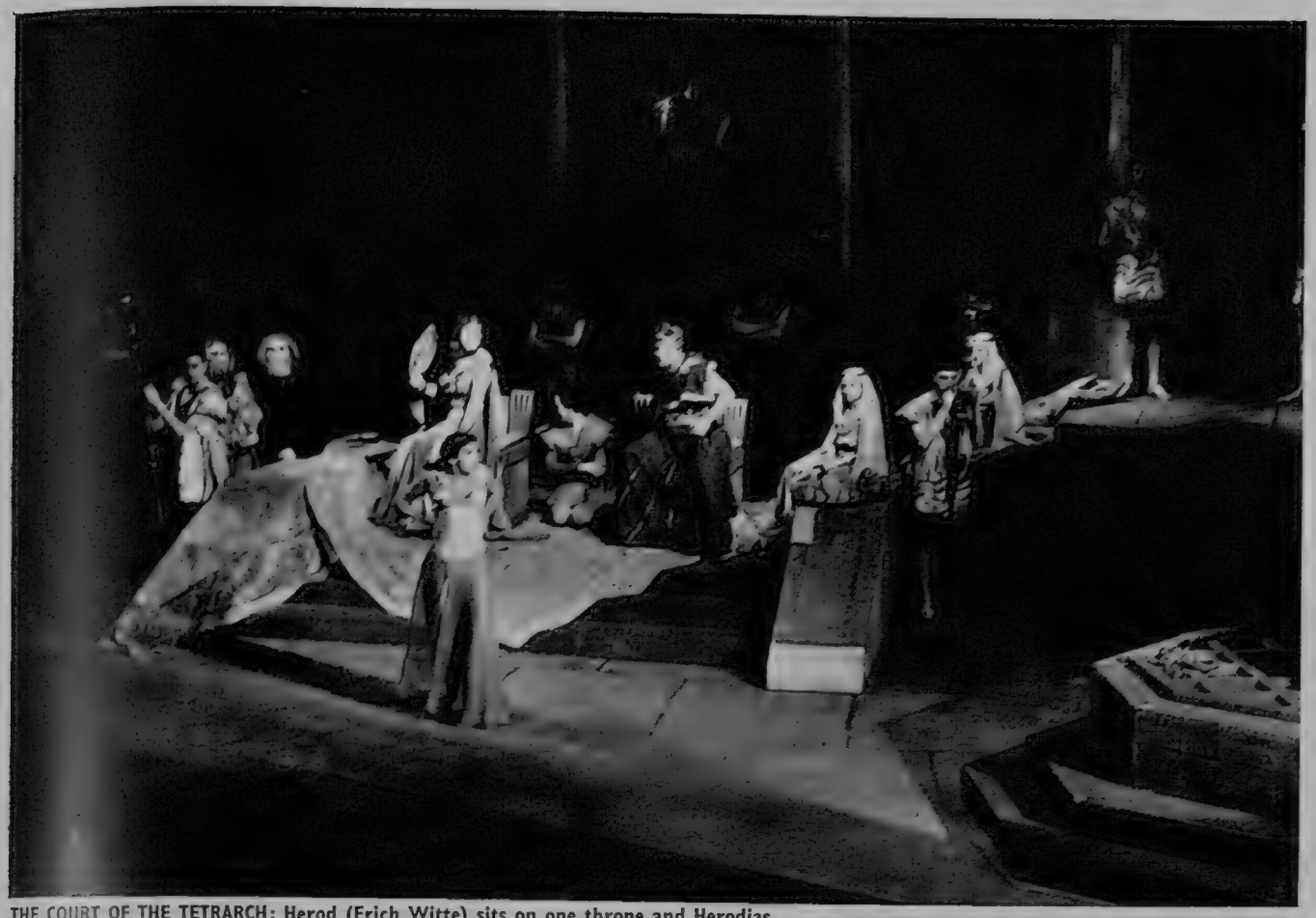
The solitary basket-maker has virtually disappeared, not because he has been unable to hold his own in a highly competitive world, but because it is now practically impossible to get apprentices. So basket-makers, almost everywhere, work in a master's workshop. Except for this, the craft has not altered at all. Mechanisation has not touched it. The basket-maker still sits on the floor, back to a wall, his rods beside him and his lapboard between his outstretched legs. On the board is his "upset" basket and a few simple tools: a pair of secateurs, a bodkin, a "cleave" (for splitting rods) and a beating-iron, which looks like a large key and is used for beating a twined rod into position. It is not very difficult to make a basket: you can make quite a passable one (I have done so) after only a few lessons. But you will not become a craftsman in less than four years, and even then it is unlikely that you will have mastered all the scores of shapes current in the basket world.

In the Curry Country of Somerset (traditionally basket-making country) you will see these scores of shapes in the making and will realise, with some surprise perhaps, that basketry is very much alive. Some things, once popular, are now rarely made, if made at all: beehives and bird-cages, for example. Some things, which one would have expected to have died out long ago, survive: cradles, for example. Wine-bottle baskets (which are, in fact—I feel sure that I ought to be too delicate to mention this—faithful reproductions of the old medical urine-bottle baskets) are enjoying a boom. There is an infinite variety, probably greater than ever before, of baskets and hampers: fruit baskets, picnic hampers, watercress hampers, laundry baskets, tradesmen's baskets, cat and dog baskets, and every conceivable shape and size of shopping basket. That, in this synthetic age, is astonishing.

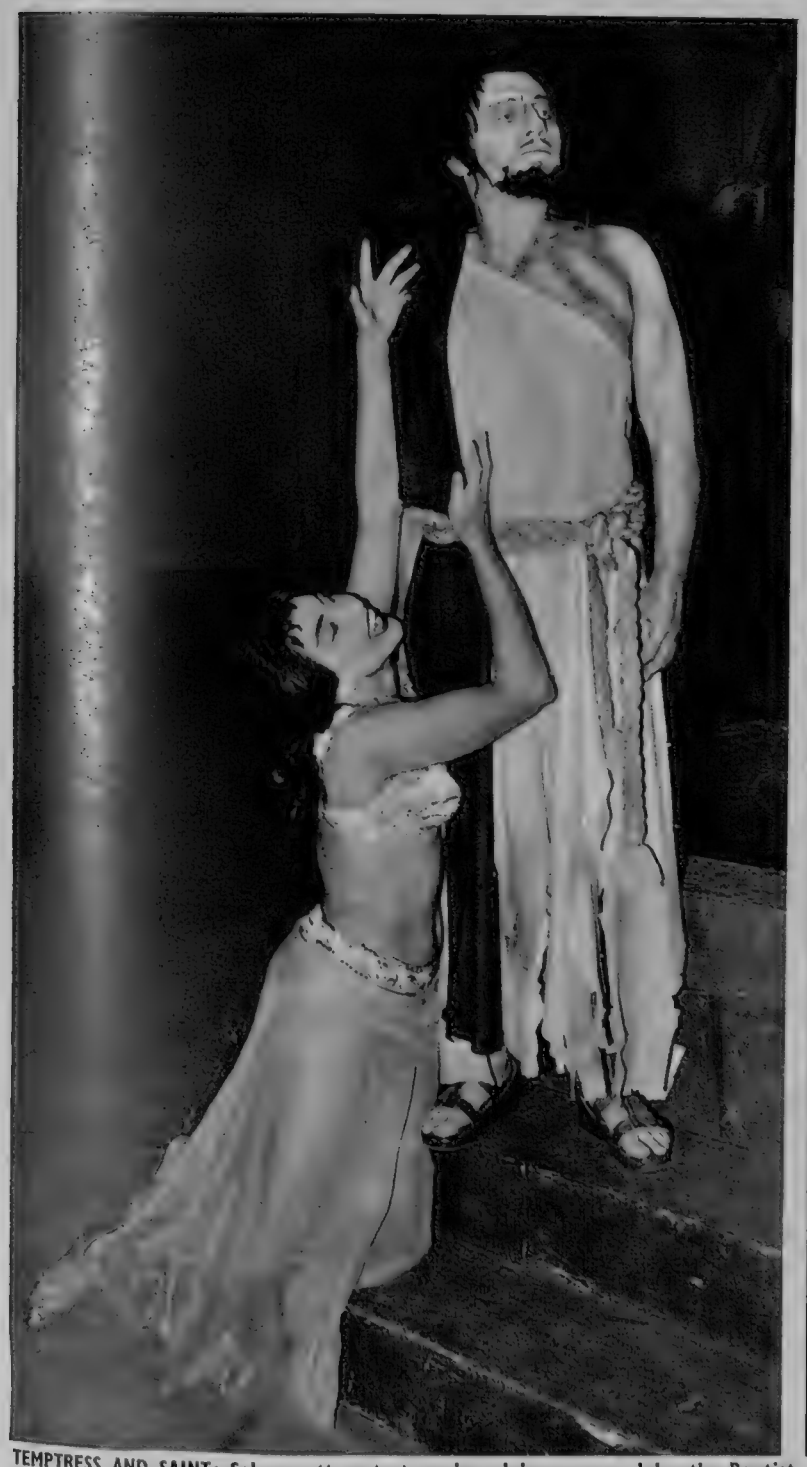
But there is a cloud. Oddly enough, the basket-maker does not seem to be particularly disturbed by plastics or anything like that: not the same market at all, he will tell you. But he is very disturbed by the influx

of cheap (subsidised) Continental willow baskets. One man I talked to jerked his thumb at a group of women down the street, each of whom was carrying a shopping basket. "Look at 'em," he said, "not one of them 's got a basket of mine. French, the lot of them. Cheaper; that 's all they bother about. Buy British, my foot." (Though that was not the anatomical feature he favoured.)

Now, I do not know that he was speaking the literal truth. I do not know that each of those women was, in fact, carrying a French basket: probably not. I do not even know that a good craftsman can recognise a French basket at 50 yards: probably not. But I do know that he put his finger on a very queer characteristic of the British. You see it in full flower in the hard-hit cotton towns of Lancashire. There you will hear a great deal about the horrors of unfair Japanese competition. But go round the stalls in the street markets and you will see that the womenfolk are buying Japanese cottons.



THE COURT OF THE TETRARCH: Herod (Erich Witte) sits on one throne and Herodias (Constance Shacklock) is half-turned from him on the other. In front stands Salome (Helge Pilarczyk) in the Strauss opera at the Royal Opera House.



TEMPTRESS AND SAINT: Salome attempts to seduce Jokanaan, or John the Baptist (Otakar Kraus), as he stands on the steps of his cistern cell. Five performances of *Salome* are being currently given in the season in London at Covent Garden.

"SALOME" IN LONDON

A Revival of the Opera at Covent Garden

Wilde intended to shock when he wrote his play *Salome*, and that he succeeded can be judged from the publicity which almost invariably accompanies any performance of the Dance of the Seven Veils. This is particularly unfair when one comes to consider Richard Strauss' operatic version. Although the music has to reflect the degeneracy of the plot, it is at times awe-inspiring, notably when Jokanaan, as John the Baptist is called, is singing from the depths of his cistern cell. The score throughout is free from the vulgarity which mars some of the composer's other work, and in the accompaniment for the Jews demanding the custody of the prisoner there is satirical writing. Until last week, *Salome* had not been seen at the Royal Opera House in London for three years. There have so far been four performances in the current revival. The fifth and last will be on Tuesday next (February 10).

The opera in one very long act makes great demands on the soprano who sings Salome. Helge Pilarczyk has the title role at Covent Garden. She comes from the Hamburg Opera, where she has established a fine reputation for her singing of modern German opera, including compositions by Schoenberg and Henze. She has also been heard at the Edinburgh Festival and in another Strauss opera *Ariadne on Naxos* at Glyndebourne. Two years ago Miss Pilarczyk was seen in *Salome* on B.B.C. television. The conductor at the Royal Opera House is Reginald Goodall.

On left—

"THE SEVEN VEILS": To voluptuous music Salome performs the dance which enables her to compass the execution of the Baptist. The libretto follows almost precisely the play by Wilde banned from the stage for very many years.

THE HEAD OF THE BAPTIST: The deed has been accomplished and Salome above the opening to the cell holds the head of the Baptist, over which she is about to slobber in an episode of singular revulsion. This eventually leads to her death. Herod and Herodias are at the back.

TORCHLIGHT ESCORT FOR THE VIKING LONGSHIP : The craft with its dragon-head prow is dragged through the streets of Lerwick accompanied by people carrying torches. The climax of the Shetland festival is the ceremonial burning of the boat. *On right*—The Guizer Jarl, or leader of the festival, stands at the ship's prow.

FIRE FESTIVAL IN SHETLAND

The Traditional Celebration of Up-Helly-Aa in Lerwick

The name Up-Helly-Aa derives from the Helli, or holy, days which concluded the Yule festivities. Every year at Lerwick, in the Shetlands, there is a revival of an ancient fire festival, which was originally intended to mark the end of the winter solstice and the return of the sun. Preparations are carried on for weeks beforehand and on the appointed day at the end of January the inhabitants, in costume and choral procession, pay tribute to the days of their Viking ancestors. The chief participants are the Guizers, men and boys dressed to represent the Norse seamen of distant ages. Their leader is known as the Guizer Jarl. This year the office was held by Mr. Jack Scott, who wore the costume of Magnus Barelegs, a Norwegian king of the eleventh century who earned his nickname when he returned from a raiding expedition on Scotland wearing a kilt.

The celebrations last month began, as usual, with the manning of a replica of a Viking longship on the beach of the town. At the prow was the traditional dragon's head, at the stern the dragon's tail and the sides of the craft were painted in alternate lines of red and white. The Guizer "crew" were in winged helmets, jerkins, armour and cloaks and carried painted shields. As darkness fell, the ship was dragged through the town, escorted by a vast concourse of people carrying torches and singing the Up-Helly-Aa song. The climax came when the procession reached the burning-ground. At a given word, the torches were hurled into the ship and, if ancient belief is accepted, she was transported to Valhalla in a blaze of glory while the Guizers sang a traditional chant.

For the rest of the night Lerwick was given over to dancing and feasting which lasted until the following dawn. Among the visitors watching the festival were a party of Soviet sailors, from a tanker which had put in to take on water.

On right—

SCHOOLBOYS PARTICIPATE IN UP-HELLY-AA : They march in the torchlight procession ahead of the ship. Up-Helly-Aa is a survival of an ancient fire festival to mark the end of the winter solstice. Although last month the Shetlands suffered severe snow, the weather improved and the sun shone for the annual traditional celebrations.

CONSUMED IN FLAMES : The longship burns. On the left holding his axe is this year's Guizer Jarl, Mr. Jack Scott. He was dressed as the eleventh-century Norwegian King Magnus Barelegs.

BEHIND THE CITY'S BIGGEST BATTLE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

MORE passion—and more publicity—was engendered in the City of London over the recent struggle between two great American companies to acquire a large holding in the British Aluminium Company than had attended any such financial engagement for many years. The immediate shock of the battle was between two British companies. British Aluminium itself, which had disposed of a large block of new shares at roughly the market price to the Aluminium Corporation of America, was ranged against Tube Investments, which with its American partner in aluminium, Reynolds Metal, made a bid for the whole share capital of British Aluminium. They offered substantially above the market price to all shareholders. Neither proposal would have passed actual control of British Aluminium to America; but Alcoa, the largest producer in the free world, and Reynolds, its most formidable American rival, both desired a big interest in this developing British and Commonwealth aluminium group.

This was a financial battle fought entirely in the City. It ended in victory for the T.I.—Reynolds combination, following a parade of statements and counter-statements sometimes coloured by unusual rancour. Its conduct and its conclusion will provide material for argument and analysis for years to come. Students of the City have since been deep in discussion about some of the points raised concerning the duty of directors to their shareholders and to their company (which may not be entirely the same thing); concerning the propriety of public intervention by groups of City institutions not principally concerned with the case; and, once again, concerning the whole question of takeover bids.

Throughout all this sound and financial fury, the ordinary citizen, like many people inside British industry, may have sighed, largely in vain, for some inkling of what it all meant in terms of metal. The physical production and fabrication of aluminium and its alloys was, after all, the eventual object of the exercise. For the last year or so this business of manufacture had sounded to be in a depressed condition: with demand weak and prices softening, the great aluminium producers of the West had indeed been slowing down expansion programmes and seeking protection from the competition of the cheap aluminium which Russia had been releasing on to the world market. Why, in these circumstances, should two of the world's largest aluminium companies be fighting for control of what is at present a relatively small producer? Alcoa commands a productive capacity of about 800,000 tons of virgin aluminium a year, and Reynolds Metal about 500,000 a year out of a world total of say 4,000,000 tons a year. British Aluminium's capacity in Britain, Norway and Canada is little more than 100,000 tons a year.

The answers seem to lie, paradoxically, in this industry's attitude both towards the long-term growth of demand for aluminium and the short-term weakness and surplus of capacity; also, perhaps, in the compelling reasons that make this an industry of large groups constantly under pressure to get bigger.

For the recent slackening in world demand has in no way weakened the confidence of this industry that sales of aluminium, over the long run, will go on growing very rapidly. Since 1905, output of primary aluminium has on the average doubled every seven years. But the rate of growth has never been steady, so that there is nothing in this latest pause to indicate any radical change: on two or three occasions much sharper drops in world consumption have been followed by recovery at a more rapid rate. This is a metal for which new applications are constantly being developed. Few people in the industry would admit that its growth is yet levelling off.

But in a period when there may be no massive conventional rearmament going on in the world, and when weapon production may gradually shift away from light-metal-consuming aircraft, the world's great aluminium groups need, on the one hand, the cheapest possible new capacity and, on the other, the widest possible access to commercial outlets for the metal. And British Aluminium's potential share of both may be a good deal more important than its present productive capacity implies.

The biggest single section of this productive capacity already is British Aluminium's 60 per cent. share in Canadian British Aluminium Company. This company was formed only three years ago: it already has capacity for 80,000 tons of efficiently produced, low-cost aluminium a year and plans are in train to double this output. This company obtains its raw material, bauxite, from Alcan, the main Canadian producing subsidiary of Aluminium Ltd., the world's second largest aluminium group. And British Aluminium also owns jointly with Consolidated Zinc, a new company, Commonwealth Aluminium Corporation, which has plans to develop huge reserves of bauxite in Northern Australia with hydro-electric power from Papua.

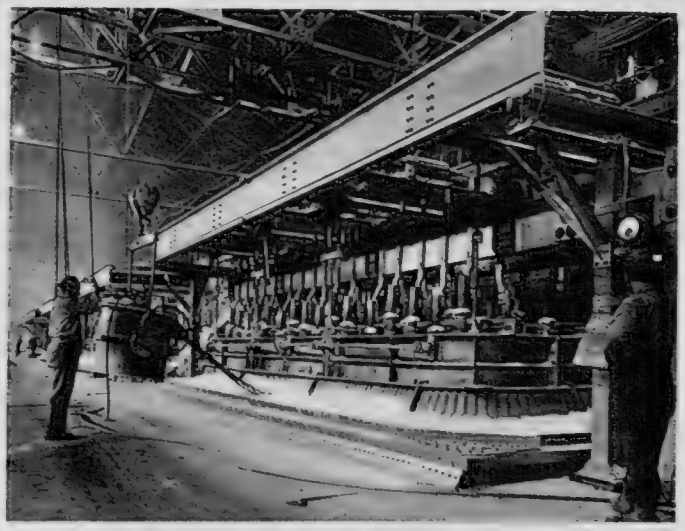
The Canadian company that this British group controls is one of the most efficient developing producers in the Western hemisphere; and many experts regard its Australian interests as potentially of even greater importance for the future. Along with extensive holdings in raw material companies and its two relatively small reduction plants in Britain and Norway, these made British Aluminium a producer with great possibilities of growth, well worth the interest of the major American groups.

Not less important, immediately and in the future, are its marketing connections. It is the main supplier to Britain, which is one of the world's largest consumers of light metals and has useful connections in Europe. The industrialised markets on this side of the Atlantic have recently been developing many of the applications of aluminium formerly associated only with America's high standard of living—extensive use of aluminium foil and collapsible tubes in packaging, a shift towards aluminium conductors in electricity transmission, the development of lightweight railway trains for high speeds and, of course, a steadily growing use of civil aircraft. British Aluminium's marketing outlets in the developed countries of the sterling area and the opportunities for growth offered by its development of production in Australia open another door to a growing sector of the world market.

Every major aluminium company still spends large amounts upon research to improve the physical properties of aluminium and upon trying to devise new applications for it. On a "volumetric basis"—i.e., in terms of volume rather than of tonnage—aluminium is already the second most widely used metal in the world. Because it is rather soft as a pure metal, most of its practical applications are as alloys, which can give it the necessary strength to supplement its exceptional ductility and resistance to corrosion. And though many of its applications are in entirely "new" things for which no other metal had ever been used, such as aircraft, a growing proportion of aluminium consumption is as a substitute or in direct competition with other metals. In the electrical field it is already encroaching deeply where copper would otherwise be used, and the security of the older metal's hold on its markets depends only, in many cases, on the difference in price.

In the long run, many people in the aluminium industry believe its biggest field of competition will be with steel. Already nearly half of the aluminium used in the world is in applications where steel is also generally employed and where aluminium could increase its sales at the expense of steel. Ton for ton, aluminium ingot costs about six times the price of steel: but you get nearly three times the volume of aluminium in a ton, so that effectively it is not much more than twice the price. The advantages of lightness and resistance to corrosion already make this premium worth paying in many applications—for example, commercial vehicle bodies and containers, ships' fittings and superstructures, trim and body fittings in the smallest and the largest of cars where weight saving is worth the extra cost.

THE PRODUCTION OF ALUMINIUM: The view is taken looking down the pipelines at the British Aluminium Company's reduction works (smelter) and village at Kinlochleven, Argyll. It takes 18,000-20,000 units of electricity to produce a single ton of aluminium and hydro-electric power is the cheapest form.



EXTRACTING MOLTEN ALUMINIUM: It is extracted by suction from one of the furnaces at the Lochaber works, Fort William, Inverness. Alumina (aluminium oxide) is dissolved in a flux (cryolite) and a heavy, direct electric current is passed through it. The electrolysed aluminium forms in a molten pool at the bottom of the furnace.

Partly because of its need for huge amounts of low-cost electricity—usually hydro-electric—the production of aluminium requires exceptionally great investment; it has been said that ten times as much capital is required to produce a ton of primary aluminium as has to be invested to produce a ton of crude steel. It takes big companies to afford investments of such magnitude; moreover, once one has invested in such expensive capacity, one has every incentive to secure a firm grasp of the largest possible share of the market in order to keep it fully occupied. This is the economic reason for concentration of one kind and another in the aluminium industry: bigness is simply a condition of survival. Many countries put up tariffs to protect small indigenous producers of aluminium; others, fearing monopoly, have from time to time imposed checks to curb the growth of their giant producing companies. But the impetus towards concentration in larger units has always renewed itself.

One may regret the passing of so large a share, if not of control, of British Aluminium into American hands. But the extra capital and knowhow that the British group needed to emerge fully on to the international arena of aluminium could not readily be had here: and aggregation into ever larger units seems to be part of the logic of growth in this twentieth-century industry.

On left—

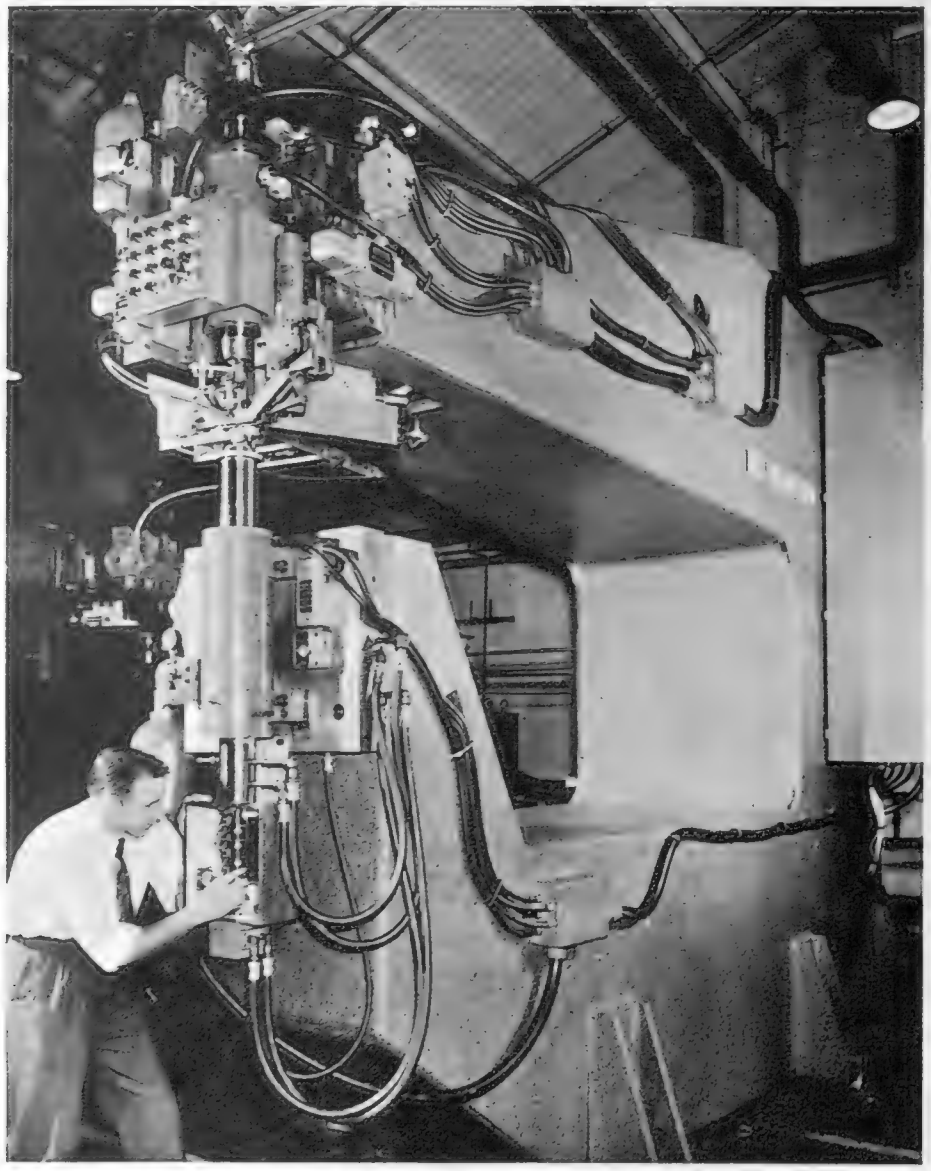
CABLES FOR KARIBA

The first drum of British-made cable for the Kariba Gorge Hydro-electric scheme in Rhodesia is lifted by one of the Port of London Authority's floating cranes in readiness for loading on to the Ellerman Line vessel *City of York* in the Royal Albert Dock. Weighing 25 tons, it is the first of two being shipped in the *City of York*. The 330,000-volt oil-filled cable will transmit 383,000 h.p. in the hydro-electric scheme, which is now nearing completion. The enormous project will give electric power to Central Africa, enabling the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland to develop its industrial potential on a scale impossible in the past. As the Federation's resources of coal for generating electricity are limited, mountains and rivers for exploiting hydro-electric power were examined. The Kariba Gorge, on the Zambesi, was chosen in preference to other sites, in view of the fact that it offered the greatest output for expansion, the biggest potential output and the cheapest source of power.

Above—

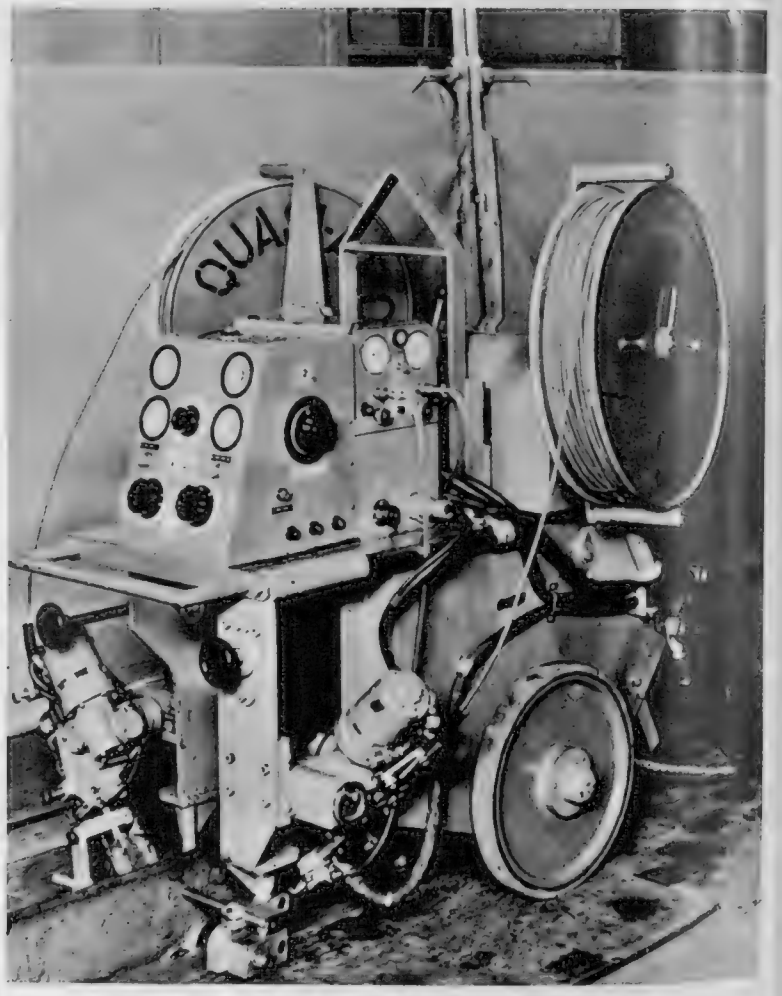
NEW ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE

The first of an initial order of thirteen of a new type electric locomotive, No. E 5000, was recently delivered to the Southern Region of British Railways from the B.R. workshops at Doncaster. The new engines are to be employed on Phase 1 of the Kent Coast electrification scheme to the Isle of Thanet and to Dover, via Canterbury. This is due for operation in June. No. E 5000 weights 77 tons and develops 2,500 h.p. It has only four axles. Capable of a maximum speed of 90 m.p.h., it will be used to handle freight trains of up to 900 tons over the heavily graded routes of the South-East Division. It is also to be used on Continental boat expresses such as the Golden Arrow. The design was carried out under the direction of Mr. W. J. A. Sykes, Chief Mechanical and Electrical Engineer of the Southern Region, in consultation with Mr. R. C. Bond, at the time Chief Mechanical Engineer of the B.R. Central Staff, and Mr. S. B. Warder, Chief Electrical Officer of the same staff.



A NEW AID FOR AIRCRAFT PRODUCTION

This 21-ton riveting machine is one of four which have just been put into operation at the San Diego plant of the Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation for the production of Convair 880 and 600 jet airliners. Designed and built by Nuclear Products, a division of A.C.F. Industries at Riverdale, the machine completes a five-part riveting cycle when securing the skin of a wing of an aircraft to the " stringers " (structural members). It automatically drills, countersinks and counterbores holes, inserts the correct size rivets into the holes and shaves off their heads at the rate of one rivet every three and a half seconds.



SELF-PROPELLED AUTOMATIC WELDING EQUIPMENT

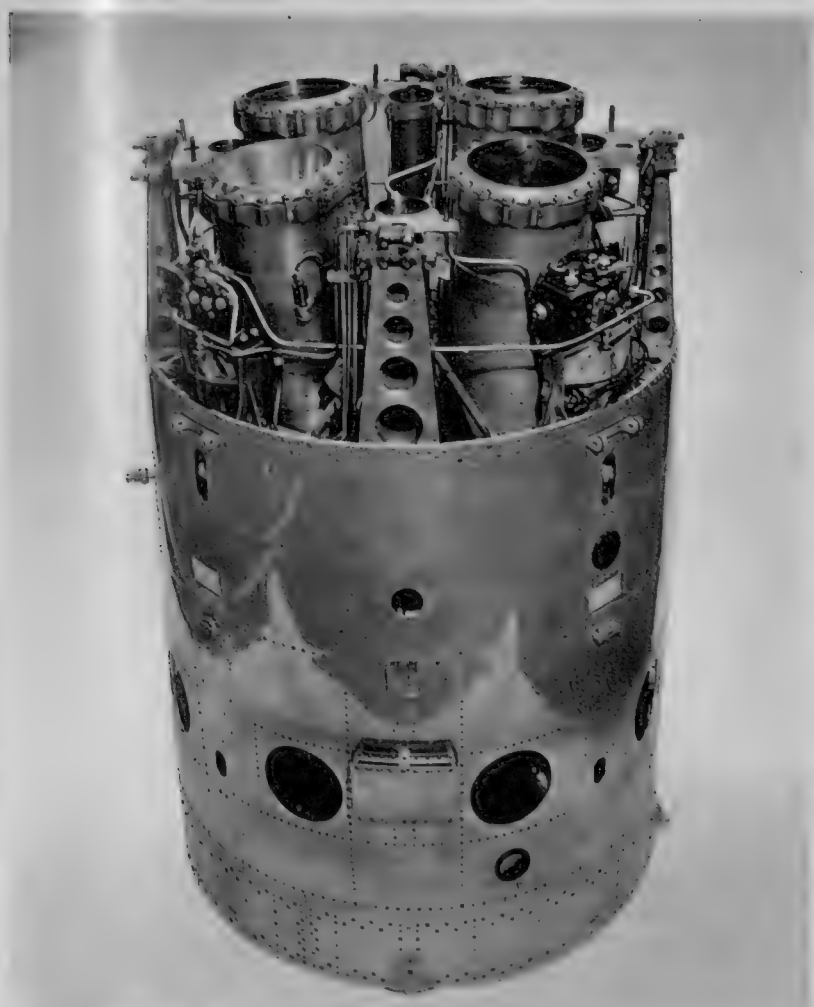
The first of a new type of automatic welding equipment is in use in the Haverton Hill Shipyard of the Furness Shipbuilding Company on Teeside. This is a self-propelled twin-fillet welding machine, designed and manufactured at the Gateshead Works of Quasi-Arc Limited. It consists of a self-propelled carriage on which are mounted two automatic welding heads, enabling twin fillet welds to be made simultaneously as the machine traverses. Two Fusarc/CO_2 welding heads are incorporated. The equipment can move at speeds of between 12 and 36 ins. a minute, the maximum welding speed being about 26 ins. a minute. Two other machines of this type were recently delivered to the shipyard for use in welding stiffeners to bulkhead panels for oil tankers of 33,000 to 40,000 tons deadweight. It is stated that a material saving of time is effected in these operations and that the likelihood of distortion in welding is considerably reduced. Many applications for the new equipment are expected to be found in general engineering as well as in the shipbuilding industry.

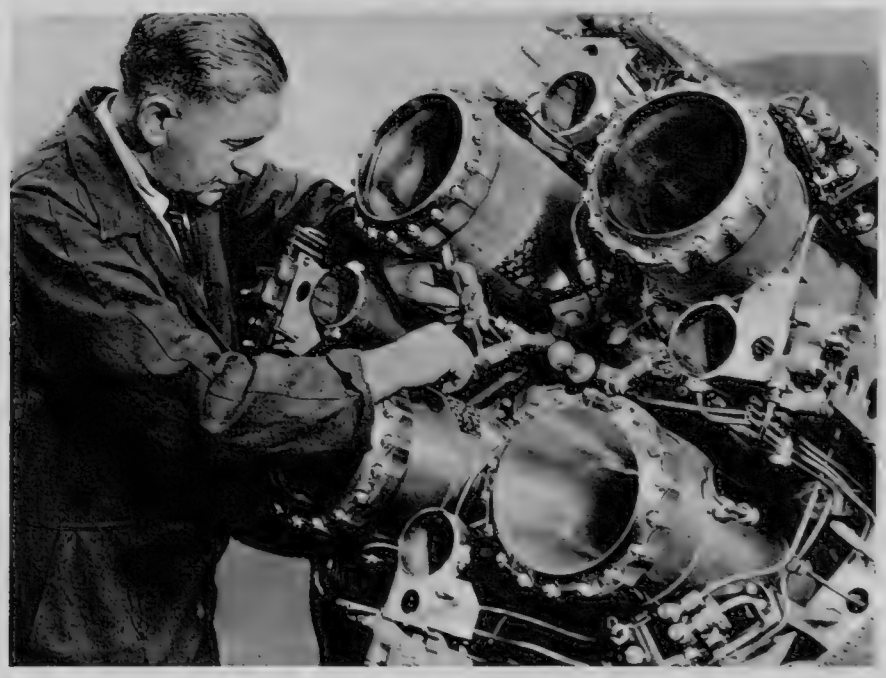
A "SLIM AND ELEGANT" FLYOVER: This drawing shows the design of the Hammersmith Flyover forming part of the Cromwell Road extension scheme. The western approach will rise between the dual-carriageway of the Hammersmith-Chiswick section of the Great West Road, which was completed recently. The flyover will run over three roads and drop down into Great Church Lane, near Colet Gardens.

EASING LONDON'S WESTBOUND TRAFFIC

The London County Council's Town Planning Committee reported this week to the Council on the design of the Hammersmith Flyover which the Committee have approved. The engineering techniques involved will enable the roadway to be cantilevered out from a central spine between the approach ramps. This spine will be carried on thirteen single concrete columns up to 140 ft. apart. The two carriageways will be each 24 ft. wide and the overall width will be 61 ft. Electric heating cables will be embedded in the approach ramps for use to prevent icing. Pre-cast constructional methods and working where possible at off-peak hours will help to reduce interference with traffic. The cost is estimated at £1,201,000. G. Maunsell and Partners are responsible for the design and construction in association with Mr. J. Rawlinson, the L.C.C.'s chief engineer, and Mr. H. Bennett, who is the Council's architect.

A FLYOVER UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Not far away from the proposed scheme at Hammersmith, a flyover is being built to connect the Great West Road with the Cromwell Road extension, at Chiswick. Left is the beginning of the Great West Road. The flyover is due to be completed in the late summer of this year and is planned to cost about £820,000.





A SUCCESSFUL BRITISH ROCKET PROPULSION UNIT

Above and *left* are two views of the Armstrong Siddeley Gamma rocket engine which was used to fire the Black Knight research rocket to a height of about 300 miles at Woomera, in Australia, last year. The engine consists of four Gamma units developing a thrust of 16,400 lb. at sea-level, rising to nearly 19,000 lb. outside the earth's atmosphere. The complete engine compartment weighs about 700 lb. Several of the engines have been delivered to Saunders-Roe, who make the Black Knight. Few details are available except that a liquid-propellant is used and that the four exhaust nozzles are mounted individually on gimbals to provide the directional control of the rocket.

GIANTS OF SEA AND AIR

A Luxury Liner Takes Shape as Another Completes Her Maiden Voyage; Comets for the Argentine and a Long-range American Air Freighter

THE GRACEFUL LINES OF A NEW "EMPRESS": The picture shows a model of the largest liner ever to be built for the Canadian Pacific fleet in a setting of the St. Lawrence River. Work was started on the 27,500-ton vessel last week when the keel was laid in the Naval Yard of Vickers-Armstrongs at Walker-on-Tyne. She will be the largest passenger ship to be built on the Tyne for over fifty years and the berth being used is the one in which the *Empress of England* was built two years ago. The new "Empress," for which a name has yet to be chosen, will have a length of 650 ft. and a breadth of 86 ft. 6 ins. Two hundred first-class and about 860 tourist passengers will be carried. The liner's launching should be next year and her maiden voyage in 1961.

E OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIR REIGHTERS: On the runway of the achikawa Air Base near Tokyo, Japan, s a U.S.A.F. C-133A Cargomaster. The rst of these long-range, turbo-prop transport ircraft went into service in 1957, super-eding the Globemaster II transport, built y the same company, Douglas. Several lobemasters can be seen lined up in the ackground (left). The Cargomaster's main eight hold is 90 ft. long, enabling it to ccommodate American I.C.B.M. or I.R.B.M. issiles. In the middle of last year an im-roved version of the aircraft was announced, pecifically to carry American guided missiles.

left—

MAIDEN VOYAGE: Dressed overall, the M.S. *Pendennis Castle*, the new flag-hip of the Union-Castle Line, enters urban Harbour during her maiden oyage from Southampton. The harbour anks as one of the finest ports in the outhern hemisphere. Built at Belfast, the ew vessel was launched in December, 1957. he is designed to carry 197 first-class passen-ers, a maximum of 539 tourist class and a crew f 419. Luxury sailing is ensured for the assengers by the incorporation of Denny rown stabilisers, even though the voyage to outh Africa is recognised as a "fair-eather" route. The decision to fit the abilisers necessitated lengthening the ship nidships after construction had started on he slipway—an unusual engineering feat.

right—

JETS FOR THE ARGENTINE: The first f the de Havilland Comet 4s ordered y Aerolineas Argentinas takes off from he company's airfield at Hatfield on its aiden flight. It forms part of the order the Argentine State Airline which cludes the provision of spare parts. he airline is reported to be starting omet operations from Buenos Aires New York and Europe this spring.

The World of Books

FRANK HARRIS—FACT AND FABLE

A New Biography of a Controversial Author; a Fresh Approach to Shakespeare; the Origins of Words; a Significant German Novelist, and Other Fiction with Varied Settings

IT is said that the experience of meeting Frank Harris was not one a man would easily forget. He was dynamic, even aggressive, a phenomenal speaker and story-teller, an avalanche of energy and a man, to put it mildly, of quick and fabulous inventive powers. For those who only remember his name vaguely as the author of a pornographic autobiography, *My Life and Loves*, a four-volume affair in which he most successfully mangled the facts of his life, it should be pointed out that Harris was also an editor of real note, the author of twenty books and two plays, and the friend of some of the most distinguished men of his era.

In an admirably—and appropriately—forceful biography, Mr. Vincent Brome gives us Frank Harris as he really was, or as near to the real man as a writer may come though the thick fog of elaborations, half and whole lies, misconceptions and fables that Harris himself was responsible for, and that have remained to cloud the outlines of a figure that was part scoundrel, part man of real talent. Perhaps the best service that FRANK HARRIS (Cassell. 25s.) does to readers of the present day is to recreate the days when Harris was editing the *Fortnightly Review* and later the *Saturday Review*, when he had the taste and prescience to help launch such great names as H. G. Wells, Cunninghame Graham, Shaw, Max Beerbohm, and Oscar Wilde, with whom he actually collaborated on a play. The reverse of the medal shows Harris as a swindler, blackmailer and creature of disreputable habits. Both aspects of the man are true and Mr. Brome's direct and impartial study of him has made a startling, memorable and highly entertaining biography.

One of Harris's books, published nearly fifty years ago, was *The Man Shakespeare*, an unconventional study of great vitality which Arnold Bennett called "merely and simply amazing." In our own day, and following the no doubt commendable theory that there is always something more to be said about Shakespeare, Mr. John Vyvyan has written THE SHAKESPEAREAN ETHIC (Chatto and Windus. 18s.), a more scholarly piece of work and one of a milder but still very real interest. Mr. Vyvyan's thesis is, briefly, that Shakespeare, never being ethically neutral, was never in doubt as to whether the souls of his characters were rising or falling, and that there is a constant pattern in the tragedies by which "first the hero is untrue to his own self, then he casts out love, then conscience is gone—or, rather, inverted—and the devil enters into him." One need not necessarily be an enlightened student of Shakespeare's plays to see how exactly this thematic line is carried out in *Hamlet*, but Mr. Vyvyan traces it through *Macbeth* as well, through *Measure for Measure* and *Othello*. He quotes with great effect from Dante and, less happily, I thought, uses some of the arguments of Jung to strengthen his case. The book is the work of a distinguished mind and it is no criticism of it to say that its best result will be to send the reader back to Shakespeare at the source: Shakespeare read or Shakespeare acted.

Dr. Noah Jonathan Jacobs has made an investigation into the nature of language and a product of his research is a really fascinating book called NAMING-DAY IN EDEN (Gollancz. 15s.), which is often very funny indeed, generally brilliant, and as much at ease in the world of fantasy as in the circles of scholarship. Starting from the moment in Eden when Adam gave names to every living creature, Dr. Jacobs joyfully (there is no other word for his wonderful ebullience) examines language and its position in the history of the world, religiously and philosophically speaking. He also takes a number of sharp cracks at theories of word origins.

"Was the name given to the elephant," he enquires with a palpably comic assumption of intellectual curiosity, "a faithful reproduction of its roaring (the bow-wow theory) or of some mystic harmony between it and the sound that its vast trunk emitted when struck (the ding-dong theory)? Was the name a rhythmic chant designed to raise its flagging spirit as man goaded it on to do his work (the yo-heave-ho theory) or a vocal reflex signifying his displeasure (the pooh-pooh theory)?" I don't know where this leaves theorists, but it leaves me heartily recommending one of the best books on words I've ever read.

And so, much refreshed, to a discussion of English novels, American novels and a solitary German novel. DRAGOMAN PASS (Collins. 15s.) is by Mr. Eric Williams, who once wrote (and lived) that great escape story, *The Wooden Horse*, and it, too, is an adventure story, although the period is the present time of nominal peace and the enemy no longer the German. Mr. Williams, as we know, writes excellently well on factual matters, experiences that he has had himself or first-hand reports of action and speech. In the present novel, therefore, he has very sensibly based his story on a highly hazardous trip which he took with his wife a couple of years ago to the countries of Eastern Europe beyond the Iron Curtain. They travelled in a specially equipped Land-Rover and after two months it was reported in the Press that they had been thrown out, not from their transport, but from the inhospitable lands they were visiting. The same set-up operates in Mr. Williams' story, and very convincing it is with its apparently first-hand comments on Communist methods, whether in Youth Camps, restaurants or police

A FAMOUS MEDIEVAL WORK OF ART: The stamped leather case is the container for "The Luck of Edenhall," one of the most celebrated pieces of medieval glass. The exhibits are now on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, having been bought for £5,500 from the administrators of the late Sir Nigel Courtenay Musgrave. The glass is Syrian work of the thirteenth century. It is 6¾ ins. tall and yellowish in colour, with a pattern of red, blue, green, white and gold. The beaker was kept for centuries in Eden Hall, in Cumberland. The name derives from the belief that as long as it was unbroken the luck of the house would hold. The leather case was made in the Middle Ages either in England or France.

stations, and its brisk but perceptive writing on the human foibles and the great natural beauties of Rumania and Bulgaria.

THE FABLE AND THE FLESH (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 16s.) is by Mr. Michael Lewis, a first novel of great length and some talent. The main plot has a perfectly authentic flavour and concerns a young man who works with some success as a bookseller and, less rewardingly, as a writer. His new project is the biography of an author, and to achieve this he makes the acquaintance of the writer's two daughters, falling unwillingly in love with one of them. There is no doubt that Mr. Lewis has a certain sense of style in his writing, or that he will, possibly soon, write a novel of a sharper distinction. In the meantime his first attempt has several virtues and its faults may mostly be attributed to youth.

THE HOUSE IN THE HEART (Collins. 13s. 6d.) tells a story of nostalgic love and tells it with rare tenderness; the love of place which can be so strong in children as most of us know. Miss Elizabeth Coxhead has written about a family who live for the greater part of the year in England—in self-styled exile—but gather every member together at least once a year in the charming, unpretentious Irish house that is the home of their "clan." Their happiness and the fortunes of the uncle who is the welcoming host seems as solid as the house itself until his easy-going neglect of his business changes the picture disastrously. The house passes to other hands and the children, growing up now, sail back from Dublin with their regrets, but with an unchangeably happy picture of life in Ireland to console them in the future. Miss Coxhead evokes all this wonderfully well. She is, as I remember from earlier novels, a real *virtuoso* in the creation of authentic and even haunting atmosphere, but her greatest achievement here is that she has brought dignity to a subject which others might have treated with light wistfulness. An enchanting book.

Mr. James Turner's novels have a certain affinity with that adipose Dickensian character who wanted "to make yer flesh creep." They are apt to be concerned with out-of-the-way parts of England, places not only remote but macabre enough in atmosphere to explain why people are content to leave them well alone. THE DEEPER MALADY (Cassell. 15s.) is a chronicle with such a background, a corner of East Anglia in which a family mournfully and rather too portentously celebrates its coming extinction. The reason for Mr. Turner's success, of course, is that he writes with compelling force and tells a story well.

Of the three American novels this week, all of them with their own very definite merits, the best is THE SCORPION FIELD (Heinemann. 15s.), by Mr. J. L. Nusser. The first reaction, understandably, might be of indifference, since not every reader brings the same attention to a story set in Cleveland, Ohio, concerning a small group of local characters. The fact is, however, that this is a novel that one won't soon forget, for the domestic scene, the falsely cosy circle which at first appears, is soon shattered by the bitter and tremendously dramatic truth, and the tension remains, to the end, as taut as a tight-wire. Everyone *can* put down a book and obviously has to. In this case they 'll put it down close by for a very, very quick pick-up.

A FAMILY AFFAIR (Macdonald. 16s.) has some of the cushioned impact of the Victorian novel in which even the most frenzied goings-on occur within the safe framework of a respectable and inviolable family circle. Mr. Roger Eddy has obviously chosen this placid manner the better to emphasise the occasional rebellions within the rich and almost claustrophobically secure group of which he writes. It is, in fact, the success story of a young man marrying into such a family and, technically, it is as neat and as smooth as a butternut. It may leave the reader, though, with a slight feeling of repulsion for the American matriarch.

Mr. Clifford Irving is another young American writer whose short novel, THE LOSERS (Heinemann. 15s.),

HOMER CONTINUED

A Sequel to the Odyssey

Nikos Kazantzakis, who was born in Crete in 1883, and in 1945 was Greek Minister of Education, has written in twenty-four books and 33,333 lines a sequel to Homer's Odyssey. The narrative starts with Odysseus cleaning the blood of Penelope's suitors from his body and leaving Ithaca once more. He abducts the full-blooded, still beautiful Helen, destroys the decadent civilisation of Crete, and sets off on a voyage and adventures which carry him from Egypt to the southern tip of the African Continent, and finally to regions of Antarctica. THE ODYSSEY; A MODERN SEQUEL (Secker and Warburg. 50s.) has been translated into English by Kimon Friar. The English edition appears twenty years after the Greek version which descended upon the critics of Athens in 1938, creating a furore because of its far from classical structure and its many innovations, not least its unusual metrical form. It is hard in a brief space to assess a controversial work of this size. Only Homeric scholars could attempt the task. M. Kazantzakis has singled out the wish to be free as the dominant passion of his hero. Throughout the long poem he explores the meaning of freedom in all its implications of liberation, redemption, deliverance and salvation. Odysseus is revealed as the man who freed himself from everything—religions, philosophies, politics—the man who cut away all strings, trying all forms of life freely beyond plans and systems, and ever keeping the thought of death before him to stimulate his appetite for life.

Just at the moment when Nikita Khrushchev, in a 6½-hour speech, has told his Soviet colleagues and the world of Russian ambitions in material fields of endeavour, Terence Armstrong presents his fascinating account of THE RUSSIANS IN THE ARCTIC (Methuen. 22s. 6d.). This is a field where progress has been made under a veil of more than ordinary secrecy. Mr. Armstrong deals with Soviet exploration and development from 1937 to 1957, in particular with the establishment of research stations on drifting ice. He discusses also the impact of Soviet rule on the natives of Arctic Siberia. Agriculture in the Arctic, he says, is generally a matter of trying to reduce the expensive import of food to Arctic settlements. Collective farms, which grow vegetables in the open and under glass outside some of the Arctic towns, have been established, but the main drawback is the need for vast quantities of fertilisers. Often it is cheaper to bring in the food direct. This is a brief but wide-ranging book. The author is Assistant Director of Research at the Scott Polar Research Station at Cambridge.

It is known that the enormous ransom extracted from the last Inca Emperor by the Conquistador Pizarro was only a tithe of the gigantic treasure of Peru. That fact has set explorers aflame for generation upon generation, and it was even said that the defeated Inca troops carried into the mountains 70,000 man-loads of gold worth at least £250,000,000. No trace of this has ever been found, so it is little wonder that, led by hearsay and legend, there are always a few men willing to risk life and limb in the Andes. Rolf Blomberg is one of those who has joined in the hunt along the ancient trails. Gold was not his only quarry. He also went out to film the giant snakes of the Upper Amazon Basin in Colombia. His book, BURIED GOLD AND ANACONDAS (Allen and Unwin. 28s.), is delightfully written, and illustrations in colour and half-tone add to our pleasure.

A TRAGIC BONAPARTE

I was brought up to regard the Empress Eugénie as France's evil genius. In her old age at Farnborough, when all her unpopularity had been purged by sorrow and tragedy, I was taken by my grandmother to visit her and still retain a vague recollection of a kindly old woman in crepe and black satin in a stuffy room. In THE PRINCE IMPERIAL (Jarrolds. 21s.), Mr. E. E. P Tisdall has written a biography of her son, the Bonapartists' Boy of Destiny, who perhaps worked out in his short life and by his tragic death a finer destiny than might have been his, had he lived a full life. He might well have rotted away in an *émigrés*' Chislehurst. The book is clearly based on deep and careful research, albeit I have found very different interpretations placed on some of the accepted facts. But the biography, occasionally a little "novelised," is always interesting and even exciting, if it perhaps loses a little of the authority it deserves by the absence of what still remains of conventional protocol in even the most modern Royal biography (e.g., "Bertie and Alix of Wales").

Of those responsible for the tragedy of Etuki, one's pity goes out to Chelmsford, and Buller comes best out of it. Public opinion turned against the generals and Carey, the officer who had been convicted of abandoning the Prince Imperial, was reprieved from cashiering. Had his damning letter to his wife, which came into the Empress's hands, come before the court, the sentence must have stood. Disraeli came out best at home, and both Queen and Empress bear a share of blame for a decision which bad staff work turned into a tragedy.

One good thing at least ultimately came out of it. Arthur Bigge, the Prince's friend, sick at the time, came later to the notice of the Queen and lived to create a new succession of "perfect" Private Secretaries to the Sovereign.

John Gore

(Continued from previous page)

is evidence of genuine writing power. The scene here is New York during a brutal heatwave, and that very heat has its effect on the handful of young people who carry the action from gaiety, through indolence, to violence and back to the inescapable crisis of a moral decision. Written without hysteria, soberly and with an enchanting sketch portrait of a casually-phrased, deeply affectionate relationship between an independent son and an even more independent father.

GOLDMUND (Peter Owen—Vision Press. 18s.) is the work of a Nobel Prize winner, Herr Hermann Hesse, and has been translated from the German. A poet and a writer for more than sixty years, Herr Hesse predated the anti-Nazi by proving himself an anti-militarist during the First World War and leaving Germany for a permanent home in Switzerland then. The present book has long been regarded as one of his most significant works. It is a tale of medieval Germany and the contrasting lives of a young monk and a knight's son.

THE LIONS AT THE KILL (Hutchinson. 15s.) is somewhere between a detective story and an adventure yarn, veering melodramatically between Paris and the Riviera, spangled with dancers, casinos and night-clubs, and evolving into one of Mr. Simon Kent's breathless tales of derring-do. There is authentic local colour, too.

Vernon Fane

Another good piece of travel writing comes from Don White, who in GET UP AND GO (Allan Wingate. 21s.) tells of his travels round the world with a starting capital of £25. This is a most unexpected book by an East-ender with all the wit and wisdom that we expect to find among Stepney and Poplar folk focussed on an appraisal of things seen in the far places of the world. Mr. White's journeyings took him to Yugoslavia, Greece, Turkey, the Persian Gulf, India, Singapore, Australia, Siam, China, Japan, North America, Central America and Latin America, and he seems to have enjoyed it.

Captain Bligh did quite a good job for himself when put out in an open boat by mutineers in the Pacific, but he was, after all, an experienced seaman. Donald C. Eyre, in THE SOUL OF THE SEA (Robert Hale. 15s.), describes what may well be an even more remarkable voyage than Bligh's. When Singapore fell, eleven British and Australian servicemen escaped to Sumatra, determined to evade the Japanese and make final landfall in India. All were without experience of the sea. This account of their voyaging is an epic in which we can all take pride. The book is written in collaboration with Douglas Bowler.

The appearance of a hitherto unpublished novel by Frederick Rolfe, the self-styled Baron Corvo, is of special importance because this so-called fiction is really only thinly-veiled biographical fact. NICHOLAS CRABBE (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) provides invaluable documentation with regard to Corvo's early career. Mr. Cecil Woolf contributes an introduction.

Latest addition to the Macdonald Classics is William Cobbett's RURAL RIDES (12s. 6d.). It reproduces the text of the 1830 edition published by Cobbett himself, and is illustrated with Gillray's cartoons.

R. C. E.

COVENT GARDEN TRANSFORMED INTO A FILM STUDIO: Cameras and lights are trained on the stage at London's Royal Opera House during the filming of *Ondine* for the film *The Royal Ballet*.

Filming in Covent Garden presents difficulties if regular performances of opera and ballet are not to be suspended. The Rank Organisation has overcome this problem for *The Royal Ballet* by arranging to film it on two Sundays and at one all-night session after a normal week-day performance. Although the film will be full-length, the shooting time taken by the cameras in the Royal Opera House will work out at no more than twenty-four hours altogether. *Ondine*, *The Firebird* and Act II of *Swan Lake* are the ballets in the film, which is in colour. The producer is Dr. Paul Czinner, who made the film of the Bolshoi Ballet.

PRIMA BALLERINA BEFORE THE CAMERAS: Dame Margot Fonteyn dances in the Henze-Ashton ballet which had its world première at Covent Garden last year. The film *The Royal Ballet* is produced by Dr. Paul Czinner.

A FILM OF BALLET

PREPARING FOR FILMING: The two famous partners, Dame Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, stand on the stage. *The Royal Ballet* includes *The Firebird* and *Swan Lake* (Act II), besides *Ondine*. *On right*—Another picture of Dame Margot dancing.

BRITAIN IN THE "MONTE"

A Tribute to Mike Hawthorn; The Preston By-Pass; A Notion from Nottingham; Parliament and Highways

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

BRITAIN did not come out of the Monte Carlo Rally very well. The first four places were taken by French cars—a Citroen, followed by a Simca, a D.B. Panhard and another Citroen, in that order. Fifth place went to Ronnie Adams, of Belfast, in a 1½-litre Sunbeam Rapier, with Ernest McMillen as his co-driver. Adams is one of Britain's best rally drivers. He won the 1956 "Monte" in a Jaguar. But Britain's best achievement in this year's Rally was the performance of Miss Pat Moss and Miss Ann Wisdom in winning the ladies' cup in their Austin A40. These twenty-four-year-old girls won the European Women's Rally Championship last year and they have made an excellent start in this year's championship programme.

Their grey, Farina-styled A40 was making its first appearance in a competitive event and its success in the "Monte" will boost sales considerably, especially in foreign markets, by whom this winter Rally is regarded as a stern test of a car's performance and reliability. Pat Moss (sister of Stirling Moss) and Ann Wisdom finished tenth in the Rally.

Apart from the Rapier of Adams, there were two British cars in front of them: Jaguars driven into eighth and ninth places by George Parkes (Barton, near Preston, Lancs) and Philip Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne) respectively. With Eric Brinkman (Bosham, Sussex), who finished thirty-seventh, these two drivers won the team prize for Jaguars: a fine achievement. There were ten British cars in the first twenty-five. They represented six different makes: Jaguar, Sunbeam, Austin, Ford, A.C. and Standard.

British cars swept the board in the road safety and comfort competition. A Triumph TR3, driven from Athens by Dutchman Maurice Gatsonides and Frenchman Marcel Becquart, won the top prizes for both safety and comfort. Runner-up in each case was another British car: a Morris Minor, driven by Samuel Mather, of Haydock, near St. Helens, Lancs. The Royal Automobile Club trophy and souvenir award, for the best entry in the "comfort and safety" contest, and taking into account its success in the Rally, went to Pat Moss's Austin. This competition has taken the place of the old Concours d'Elégance, which used to be one of the social highlights of the Rally and which for years was dominated by Mike Couper's Bentleys. It is still held on the sunny side of the casino with a string orchestra playing and white-coated waiters serving drinks, but the entry was very small again this year and most of them were British.

This year's Rally was, on the whole, very well organised, but there was again much confusion over the question of clocking in at the various controls. The regulations were insufficiently clear, which seems strange after all these years. Very few of the Rally cars reached Monte Carlo without loss of marks, for the last stage of the 2,100-mile Rally routes, from Chambéry to Monte Carlo, was very difficult, with short stages over which drivers had to maintain a steady average speed—and a high one at that. They couldn't go fast downhill, to make up for the slower sections, without incurring the risk of detection at secret check-points and consequent penalisation. Similarly strict conditions were imposed on the so-called "classification test." For this test a 267-mile route over tricky by-roads in the Alpes Maritimes had been selected and competitors had to traverse it in the dark after only a few hours' rest at Monte Carlo. It was this test which really decided the Rally results.

I want to add my own tribute to the many already paid to Mike Hawthorn, champion driver of the world, who was ironically killed in a road crash soon after his retirement from racing. He was a fine driver with a great heart: a driver who was never happier than when the battle was fierce and the opposition strong. Mike Hawthorn was a controversial figure who might have avoided a lot of criticism had he appointed a manager. Yet that would have been contrary to Mike's attitude to the sport. He was never the true professional driver that Moss is.

He took up racing for the fun and the thrills, and not primarily to earn money, though he made a lot of that on his way to the championship. One of the reasons for his premature retirement was the fact that the responsibilities of team leadership, especially as world champion, threatened to take all the joy out of a game that has become highly commercialised. Mike was under no illusions about the dangers of motor racing. Neither did he ever try to underrate the need for care in ordinary, everyday motoring. Mike, the blond gladiator who laughed at danger, would, I know, be happy if his death on the Guildford by-pass could help to reduce the carnage of the highways by emphasising the risks of present-day motoring.

Hawthorn's death will be a greater loss to motor sport than many people imagine. It is true that he had retired from driving, but he had before him years of valuable service to the sport in administrative and advisory capacities. Mike was a character who was greatly misunderstood, largely because he used to throw his weight about to cover up his shyness. He had matured enormously in the last two seasons and after winning the championship he seemed to acquire a new dignity and sense of responsibility.

JAGUAR DRIVERS RECEIVE THEIR RALLY PRIZES: *Left*—At Monte Carlo, Princess Grace of Monaco, standing next to Prince Rainier, congratulates British driver Geoffrey Howarth, co-driver to George Parkes, who holds the Charles Faroux Trophy for the best team of three cars of the same make. Their 3·4-litre Jaguar is seen in the picture *on the right*. Parkes and Howarth were also winners of their class event and of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's cup for the best performance in the Rally by a starter from Glasgow.

It 's a great pity about the Preston By-pass. Whatever excuses are made, the simple fact remains, stark and inescapable, that all is not well with Britain's first stretch of motor road. It is greatly to be hoped that the makers of the longer London—Birmingham motorway have not fallen into the same errors. Frost is said to be the main cause of the bumps, ridges and cracks which appeared on the eight-mile twin-track road. They say the trouble would not have occurred if excessive rainfall had not caused water to seep under the road. Surely both these contingencies should have been guarded against?

I think most motorists will be behind Captain Athelstan Popkess, Chief Constable of Nottingham, in his efforts to organise a corps of uniformed traffic officers separate from the police force. With the regular police force short of men and having new duties thrust on them all the time—apart from the increase in crime—it is an excellent idea. Not new, of course, but Captain Popkess seems to be doing more than anyone has so far attempted to translate his plan into action. He has been along to the Home Office in London. They are sympathetic but consider that a private Parliamentary Bill might be necessary before a special traffic force can be recruited and financed in Nottingham or anywhere else in the country.

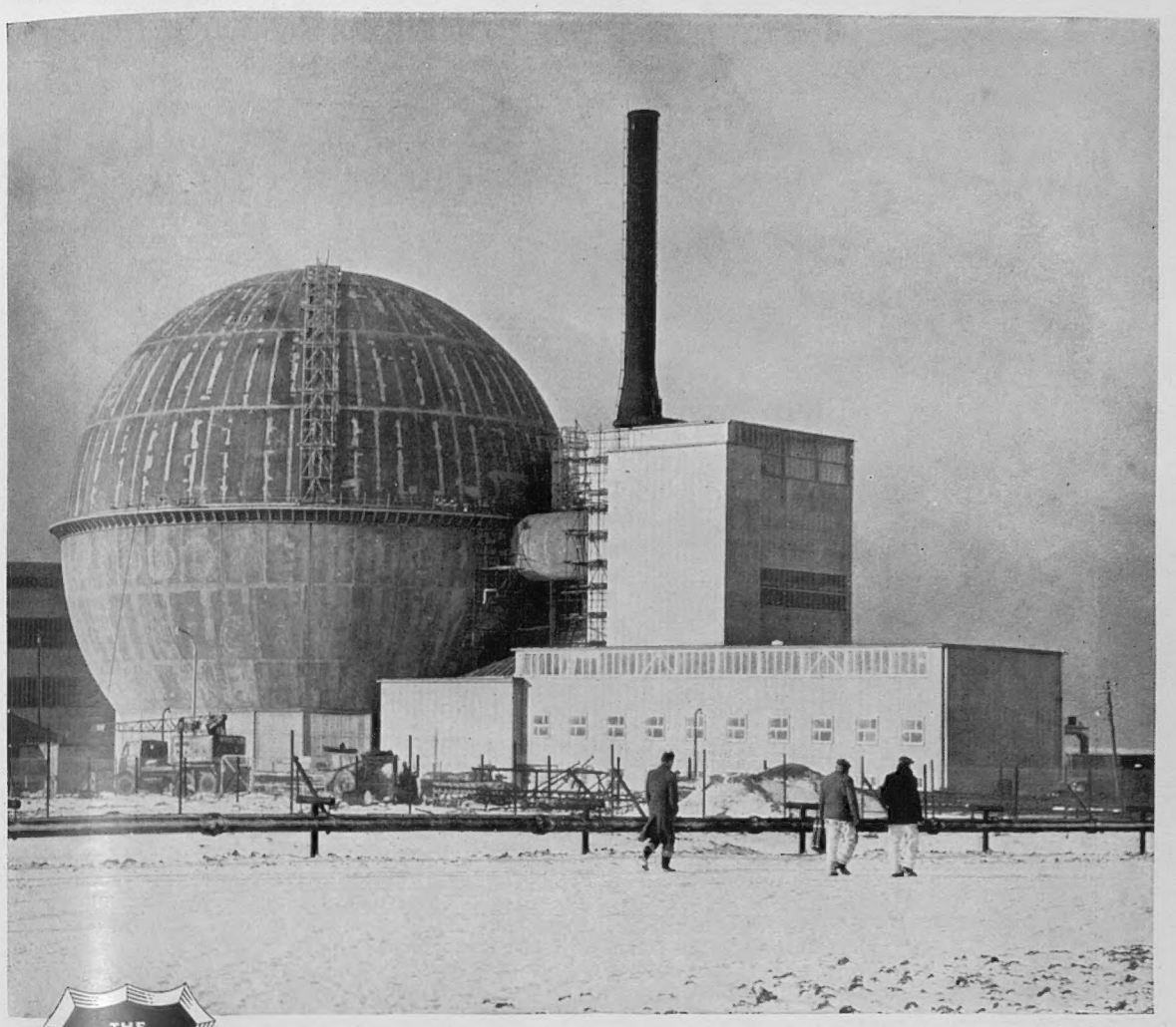
The Home Office attitude seems to be: "We are theoretically in favour of the idea but we can foresee legal snags. Go ahead, Nottingham, and see if you can find a way round these difficulties." That 's all right as far as it goes. But, to my mind, it doesn't go far enough. The idea is either good or bad. The Home Office either likes it or doesn't like it. If it is good and they like it, they should surely take the initiative themselves in amending the law where necessary. They could do this, if they liked, without making it compulsory on any force to organise a special traffic corps. These traffic wardens, or whatever you like to call them, would greatly relieve the growing pressure on the regular police force caused by the increased number of cars on the road. The time thus saved could be profitably used in dealing with crime. It doesn't need an experienced police officer to speak to motorists who have parked illegally or selfishly; to direct traffic; or even to deal with accidents. And they would be mainly a daytime force: a fact which would stimulate recruiting among older men who may have been compulsorily retired from other jobs. I hope other Chief Constables will back up Captain Popkess and not stand on their dignity too much.

Parliament is trying to tidy up the laws governing the use of our roads. The Government has published a Bill—the Highways Bill—aimed at consolidating into one Act more than thirty existing Acts of Parliament. No wonder it is nearly an inch thick, with 299 pages, 311 clauses and 26 schedules! The 1835 Act was Parliament's last consolidation of highway law. They tried to do something about the muddled state of the road statutes in 1938, but the exercise was cut short by the war. Some of the Acts which the Government hopes to merge into one omnibus Act date back to the early sixteenth century, and cover such subjects as bull-baiting. A Parliamentary Committee which has examined the Bill has reported that sweeping changes are needed: changes that would go beyond the scope of a consolidation Bill. But in an effort to produce an agreed measure it is recommending only minor amendments to the law.

In the minds of most motorists the word "supercharger" is associated with record-breaking cars or the old days of Grand Prix racing. So it may surprise many of them to know that a supercharger can be fitted to their own family saloon for as little as £67 13s. I have just tried two small cars with blown engines—an Austin-Healey Sprite and a Ford Anglia—and I found the experience fascinating and exhilarating. The cars were lent me by Mr. Christopher Shorrock, who has an unrivalled knowledge of superchargers. Blowers designed and developed by him were used on cars which hold more than half the "fastest-ever" world class records. There was a Shorrock blower in the M.G. in which Colonel Goldie Gardner became—in May 1939 at Dessau, Germany—the first man ever to record 200 m.p.h. in a light car. The M.G. Special in which Stirling Moss broke five international records at Utah in August 1957, including the flying kilometre at 245·64 m.p.h., was supercharged by Shorrock.

Christopher Shorrock's firm, formed in 1947, was taken over, nearly six years ago, by the Rubery Owen Organisation. Chris. Shorrock is one of the three directors and he is continuing his researches under the benevolent wing of Mr. Alfred Owen. Mr. Shorrock claims that the use of one of his blowers virtually turns a 948 c.c. engine into the equivalent of a 1½-litre unit; similarly, it gives a 1½-litre engine the power of a 2½-litre unit. The current cult of the engine conversion could well lead to a revival of interest in what Mr. Shorrock prefers to call "pressure induction."

It 's a great pity that Mr. Tony Vandervell has had to give up his motor-racing activities. His Vanwall 2½-litre Formula One cars helped to put Britain right on top in motor racing last year, and he thoroughly deserved the world manufacturers' championship. I sincerely hope that, relieved of the strain of running a Grand Prix team in a full championship programme, his health will rapidly improve. I also hope that Moss, his No. 1 driver, will win the championship this year in spite of the withdrawal of the Vanwalls.



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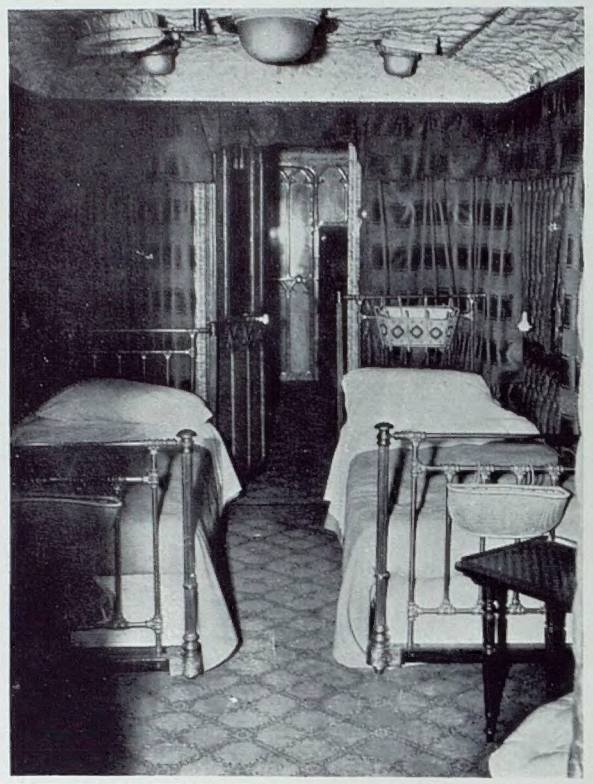
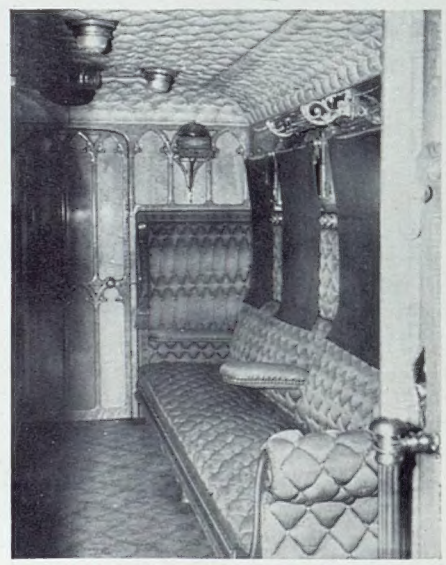
A Palace on Wheels

Furnishings and Decor of the Interior of Queen Victoria's Railway Coach



Queen Victoria's railway carriage, built in 1869 by the former London and North-Western Railway Company, is one of the most notable transport relics preserved by the British Transport Commission. It contains unique examples of mid-nineteenth-century luxury furnishing and decor and is valued at £45,000. The Royal coach was originally constructed as a pair of six-wheel saloons. In 1895, the two bodies were combined on a single frame to form the present twelve-wheel carriage. With the combination, electric lighting was installed. This was greatly disliked by Queen Victoria, who insisted on using oil and candle lamps for her travels. There are separate day and night compartments. At one end is a compartment for the Queen's dressers and at the other, accommodation for the Sergeant Footman.

SLEEPING QUARTERS: The bedroom has twin brass bedsteads and a white-quilted ceiling. The coach is on display at the Furniture Exhibition which closes to-day (February 7).



TRAVEL COMFORT: *Left*—The compartment for the Queen's dressers. *Right*—A German silver wash-bowl. The exterior of the Royal railway coach is painted in the old London and North-Western colours and is decorated with the Royal Arms and Badges of Orders. It was first used in 1869. The last Royal journey in it was in 1900.

A FINE EXAMPLE OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY INTERIOR DECORATION: The ceiling and sides of the drawing-room are heavily quilted in white and blue-watered silk, decorated with tassels and fringes in profusion. The floor is covered with an Axminster carpet.

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A bronze head of the Emperor Augustus. It is about 2,000 years old and is reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum.

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